

No. 185.—Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LORD LI, DR. IRWIN, LI HUNG CHANG, AND LOH FENG LUH.

PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Te'll e'en to 't like Irench falconers, fly at anything we see."

Town appears to be garrisoned by Americans; and though the Stars and Stripes do not float from Victoria Tower, they make a brave show in the windows of an eminent firm of drapers and dressmakers. The flag bears this suggestive legend, "Fashion's Forecast of the Future"; so I presume that the garrison will shortly evacuate London, taking with them, as the spoils of war, the horoscopes of millinery for the next twelve months at least. Being curious about forecasts, I entered the shop, and asked a fair young astrologer in snowy collar and cuffs to be so good as to tell me the shape of the feminine hat next March. She laid her finger on her lip and eyed mc sternly. "Are you American?" she said. "We don't impart such information to any but Americans." "Why is the true-born Briton excluded from this privilege?" I demanded. "The Briton," she replied with a professional gesture, as of one accustomed to lecturing, "is content to be abreast of the times. The American would rather die than not be ahead of them. So we make a speciality of instructing ladies, who are about to return to New York, in the future of the fashions, so that they may show their friends at home how a visit to Europe has enabled them to keep their country in its natural place-well in front of the procession."

"Dear me," I said; "this is most interesting! Now, what will you tell me first?" "Are you an American?" repeated the astrologer coldly. In an emergency of this kind I always fall back on the fact that the city of Brooklyn was the scene of my nativity, though the precise spot, I regret to say, is marked by no colossal bust. company of Americans I always recall my infancy among the spires of Brooklyn, as if my cradle had been suspended between two steeples and rocked by the breath of Freedom: "Sprung, sir, from the bosom of the Great Republic!" is a not less modest description of my momentous birth; and it has the agrecable effect, moreover, of inclining the warmhearted American who hears it to the fraternal rapture which craves for cocktails. Sometimes this invocation of Brooklyn has its penalties, for I have sat at a table with Americans who ate cranberry-sauce with the turkey, and I have been afraid to own that to my degenerate palate cranberry-sauce is an obnoxious invention. Mr. Dudley Warner says that American literature needs criticism, "cool, discriminating, and relentless." The literature does not concern me so deeply; but if there had been determination and ferocity enough in American criticism, before my time, to tear the cranberry from the breast of the turkey, I should have been spared many agonics.

Well, the astrologer was still gazing at me with a frigid blue eye; so I summoned the memories of Brooklyn to my aid. "But you don't talk like an American," she said doubtfully; and then I remembered an Ohio maiden whose charms, after a decade or so, still distract my fancy, and whose intonations dwell in my ear. "What will you show me first?" I said, with a reverent imitation of the accent which makes the word "first" in American speech a whole world of subtle modulation. The astrologer was convinced; a mystical smile played about her mouth, and, with prophetic finger on her lip, she led the way to the chamber where the horoscopes are cast. It did not matter, you see, that I was a man. A British man would not be allowed to profane these mysteries; but the American man does not claim to be superior to woman; his mission is to adore her image and superscription, and to offer up incense of gold to her lightest whim. So I passed through labyrinths of ribbon and halls of intoxicating frills, and presently found myself in an apartment where chaste and shapely busts in wood eclipsed the Venus of Milo, and a regiment of hat-stands seemed to be awaiting the magic word to spring into seductive life. "These, of course," I said to my conductor, "were originally astrologers like yourself, whom the jealous stars turned into metal pegs?" "You shall see," she answered. "Gaze into that mirror, and do not speak, or the charm will be broken." I stared intently at the glass; a mist passed over its surface-the preliminaries, you will notice, were all quite regular; and then I beheld the hat-stands transformed to beautiful damsels, all in the hats and costumes of next spring! It is no use asking me to describe them, for I never could tell one woman's garment from another's; besides, if I had a genius for such fearsome detail, it would be reserved exclusively for the benefit of Brooklyn, whither I should despatch all the information as a token of my regard.

Don't tell me this incident never happened. It is as authentic as the pepper in the cream-tarts in the days of good Haroun-al-Raschid. The mere student of cookery-books will deny that the youth and beauty of Bagdad could ever have taken pepper with their cream and pastry. Perhaps not; but "The Comic Spirit," as Mr. George Meredith would

say, must have put it there. When the Comic Spirit sprinkles pepper, it is uscless to protest that there is no such thing. Perfectly grave and trustworthy authorities on the art of dancing have lately declared that there is too much pepper in the modern way of executing the lancers. They point out that the last figure is like Bedlam let loose. Audacious innovators, not content with the graceful evolutions prescribed by the law and the prophets, insist on whirling their partners in the middle of the grand chain, to the destruction of harmony and the physical peril of the ladies who are thus snatched from the cosmic order, and made to comport themselves like fugitive atoms in disgusted space. Nay, more; the third figure is no better than a street riot; instead of resting taper fingers lightly on their partner's elbows, the unfortunate dames and damsels are rudely seized by the waist and dragged round the room backwards in delirious scrimmage. The professors of dancing, in expressing their abhorrence of this disorder, declare that it endangers life and limb. A luckless fair has been known to sprain her ankle in this uproarious rout. Perhaps hostesses who give dances will be compelled to engage the services of expert bone-setters, and the cards of invitation may bear the significant announcement, "Ambulances at four a.m."

Here you have the Comic Spirit in disguise, as it were; for the professors do not know, poor dears, that they are contributing to the general joy. In Mr. Meredith's admirable definition this contingency is not foreseen. "Restraint," he says, "comes of an habitual government of our faculties by the Comic Spirit-the livelier element of common sense, which has mounted to the intellectual station perforce of being more imaginative than the ordinary assemblage in debate over needs and customs." Well, the professors solemnly debated the need of reforming our customary deportment in the lancers, and lo! the Comic Spirit hovered over them like Puck, and turned their deliberations into a very engaging kind of humour. Bottom and his companions, performing the lancers under the direction of Mr. Turveydrop, could not present a droller spectacle. The professors brood over the ball-room with darkling eye, their souls wrung by the picture of chaotic romp. I am proud to say I was never in a set of lancers in which havor was not made of time and precedent. My aged joints still delight in these exercises, disputing the floor with the flying feet of youth and pleasure in chase of the hours. What is more exhilarating than the merry confusion which befalls a set of sixteen, when the scattered cohorts are gathered up by some impetuous genius, and hurled after the fugitive catgut which is a dozen bars ahead! The stately minuet was all very well for an exclusive aristocracy; but democracy demands a fiercer joy, and even the middle-classes enliven Bayswater with a Carmagnole!

Mr. Meredith's article in the National Review on Mrs. Meynell's delightful essays is stirring cheer for the journalists. From the foremost of our living men of letters we have that sympathetic encouragement which the daily writer needs, though he often affects to be case-hardened against neglect. Mr. Meredith is broader-minded than one of his most distinguished disciples. He sees in journalism "good apprenticeship." Stevenson saw nothing in it but labour which was inimical to literature. Mr. Meredith's complaint is that impressionism makes us unwilling to acknowledge error; hence, he says, "the public indifference to criticism." The impressionist is a creature of moods; and he rarely atones for passing megrims by frank contrition. Mr. Archer is cited by Mr. Meredith as a judge who does not hesitate to retrieve a hasty opinion. A better example of candour could not be chosen; but I have a misgiving that this impressive quality, even if it were universal among us, would not turn the public indifference to respectful interest. The public has many excellences, but the critical faculty is not among them. Indeed, it is regarded by many as a mental twist, by which undeserving persons earn a sinister livelihood. It is the conscientious critic's fate to differ often from the popular judgment, not because he is an impressionist, but because the poor man has a habit of mind and a view of life which do not permit him, in any mood whatever, to accept as pure metal a heavy percentage of alloy. That is really his unhappy quarrel with the public; and I see no end to it, unless medical science should discover some treatment which shall readjust his oblique brain to the normal standard.

Well, it is no fleeting impression which makes us grateful for Mr. Meredith's sympathy with the humble practitioners of the literary eraft. Nothing escapes that keen and kindly gaze; the Triton affably reviews the manœuvres of the minnows. It is a stimulus which only genius can give.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m	p.m	p.m.	p.m.
London (Eusten)	dep.	5 15	7 15	10 0	11 30	2 0	8 0	8 50	11 50
Edinburgh (Princes Street)	arr.	3 45	5 50	6 30	7 55	10 30		6 40	7 50
Glasgow (Central)		3 40	6 0	6 45	8 0	10 30		6 45	7 50
Greenock		4 30	6 58	7 35	9 8	12 12		8 0	8\$50
Gourock		4 38	7.11	7 45	9 17	12 22		8*11	99 0
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THI CHIESS THE MOCITACIN	** 17								

On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked \bullet (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

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Edinburgh		 	arr.	3 5	6 30	7 45	10 45	3 40	6 0	7 0	7 0
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Craigendoran		 	** 17	5 31			cl.	7 32	8 44	10 11	
Callander		 	,,	5 11	8 45	12 20		6 3	8 52	10 55	
Oban		 	,,	8 45		4 45	35	8 45	11 55	2 5	
Fort William		 	4 + 23	9 46			283		11 51	6 31	
Perth		 	"	5 37	7 52	10 32	D ts	5 0		8 50	8 23
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C. On Week-days only.
D. Week-days and Sundays.
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August 1896.

By Order.

THE CONTINENT.

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ROUND THE THEATRES.

Almost every professional play-taster goes through a period of contempt for melodrama, and, if his editor is gracious, indulges in a minute, brutal analysis of several works bearing the hateful name. Indeed, to not a few, the word "melodrama" is for many years rather a "King Charles's head" than a "Mesopotamia." However, in the course of time one begins to recognise the fact that catholicity of taste is the mark of the true critic—that, indeed, unless capable of finding, not perhaps "good in everything," but, at least, pleasure—in some sense of the word—in all classes of dramatic entertainment he is not a true dramatic critic. I can



MISS ALICE YORKE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

find pleasure in the efforts of Ibsen and Mr. Adrian Ross in "For the Crown" and "A Night Out," and am glad of it. Moreover, melodrama, which I once despised, now moves me, sometimes, and when it does not pretend to be something else and better. When it is ass in lion's skin I am still vindictive, and can write nastily about a reputed religious play which is really a veiled melodrama, with much of unveiled bosom and scantily shrouded leg.

No doubt "In Sight of St. Paul's" contains a scene of "the white bosoms" that scared Dr. Johnson; but really the revels in the home of Aspasia were not very shocking. We saw a collection of ladies who pretended to be very wicked and to revel wildly; but even in "the Panther," alleged to be the wickedest of the lot, there is a pleasant strain of respectability. Of course, one ought not to complain of this; no one will admit that he hoped that the "beanfeast" of these Corinthian ladies would be improper, and yet some of us, I fear, were disappointed. However, the play is good of its kind, though a trifle super-sanguinary. Mr. Sutton Vane, if, like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, he fails to convince us of the wickedness of his naughty women, has a happy knack of stringing incidents together. I fancy that we should gain if the task were harder for him, because in that case, probably, he would take greater pains, particularly with the dialogue—there are moments when the humours of the comic scenes are hardly above the level of County Court jesting. Yet, while Mr. Sutton has not a Sims' gift for presenting solidly the people, his comic cabman is a pleasant fellow, and if he could induce his sweetheart to stop warbling we should be hearty friends—on my side, at least: even the warbling would have passed had the warbler been in accord with the orchestra as to key and pitch.

I may be over-sensitive in doubting the wisdom of the cathedral scene. It made me think of the days when I had not sunk to dramatic criticism, and used to sing, white-robed, in the beautiful chapel of the Charterhouse the very chants that came over the footlights; but even that thought left me with the feeling that such presentations of church scenes, unless vital, integral parts of a play, are mere catchpenny devices and radically irreverent. Think of the juxtaposition of a scene in a "cock and hen" club where bona-robas revel in a manner that hints the unmentionable to the student, and a scene in the cathedral where

holy chants are used and hymns sung!

The acting in the successful play was decidedly good. Miss Wakeman, "the Panther," worked prodigiously and not without skill, while the

heroine's part was pleasantly played. Mr. Austin Melford acted his rather poor part ably, but then, you know, he is a man of many parts and extreme versatility. All things come alike to him. Last Christmas he finished playing King Claudius in "Hamlet" on the Saturday night in one town, and on the Monday night appeared as Widow Twankay in a pantomime at some other big provincial city. We should have seen Mr. Melford carrying on his career of crime at Drury Lane this autumn but for the unexpected decision to abandon the drama that would have been presented had Sir Augustus lived. The three comic gentlemen at the Princess's, Messrs. Lyston Lyle, Vyvyan—I hope I have put in all the "y's"—and Cane, were amusing. Miss Alice Yorke, who has to shoot "the Panther" dead, does her work neatly enough. She first came to London to take Miss Rose Saker's place as Lady Maggie Wagstaffe in "Pink Dominos," at the Comedy. She appeared as Mrs. Maxwell in "The Barrister," after which she was Mr. Edward Terry's leading lady, and toured with Mr. John Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. She remained in America for some time, playing at San Francisco. Her favourite part, and, consequently, probably her greatest success, is Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-Glass." The piece is handsomely mounted.

Compared with the new play at the Olympic, Mr. Vane's melodrama becomes a work of high art, for it would be no great misfortune if "Lost in New York" had suffered the fate suggested by its title. Certainly it had the merit of introducing two American performers of some skill. Indeed, one of them, whose make-up was offensively repulsive, is a remarkable step-dancer. Working on the lines dear to gallery and pit, he did extraordinarily clever work in the style that Miss Katie Seymour, the unique, has raised to daintiness. Miss Sinclair gave a clever performance as the child-heroine. The play had a curious polyglot effect, owing to the mixture of accidents. It certainly secured no little applause, but I am bound to say I like my melodrama a little less crude, and I could not help thinking of an excellent American work of this class, "Shadows of a Great City," which, in much, bore a close resemblance to "Lost in New York."

It is quite in accordance with the fitness of things that Mr. Herbert Standing's forthcoming intercalary season of management should be at the Criterion, the house with which he has been associated for so many years. Mr. Standing's connection with Mr. Charles Wyndham's theatre and company began in March 1877, when he created the part of Sir Percy Wagstaff in "Pink Dominos," and thenceforward throughout a long series of "Criterion comedics" his name continually figured on the bills. Since 1884 Mr. Standing's shifting fortunes have made him less constant to the playhouse at Piccadilly Circus. This versatile brother of Frank Celli, the baritone, and of W. T. Carleton, well known in America, chiefly as an operatic singer, began his stage career under the name of Herbert Crellin; he was the original representative of Christian in "The Bells" at the Lyceum, and he played in the Bancroft revival of "The Merchant of Venice" at the old Prince of Wales's. I remember well his bold delineation of Captain Jack Fortinbras in "As in a Looking-Glass" at the Opéra Comique to the Lena Despard of Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Mr. George Alexander wants to dispose of the provincial acting rights (without mentioning whether he reserves any towns for himself) of various pieces that were popular items in his repertory. Most of these, like "Dr. Bill," "The Idler," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Liberty Hall," have already been toured with more or less success and for different periods of time by provincial managers, and the list further includes Mr. H. V. Esmond's "The Divided Way," which should surely not yet be played out as regards either London or "No. 1 towns."

"RIP VAN WINKLE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The management of the Alhambra is generous in the matter of ballet; no production is allowed to outlive its welcome. Naturally enough a constant change of programme leads to variation in the quality of the spectacles presented, and in the case of "Rip Van Winkle" the management does not challenge the height of spectacular achievement reached in "Aladdin" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." There is a definite tale, one we shall not readily tire of hearing; there is good acting by the principals, and well-trained movement by an excellent ballet corps; but of solo dancing there is little or nothing, colour scheme is not conspicuous, no new light effects are presented. Signor Carlo Coppi, entrusted with the treatment of a familiar story, has done his work consistently and well; Robert Planquette has woven some of the best-known airs from his comic opera with new music; and, despite innovations at the expense of divertissements, the ballet is a pretty production and worth a visit. Fred Storey is a capital impersonator of Rip, interesting us always, thrilling us now and again. Next in order of merit I place Signor Laurence Gobo, a delightful gnome who leads Rip to the heart of the Kaatskill Mountains and lends to the production a touch of quaint characterisation that is most pleasant. Julia Seale is adding to her repertory of mimicry, and has developed more moods; in the last tableau her acting is very good, while in the opening scene rather more restraint is called for. Mdlle, Casaboni shows talent, and has a future restraint is called for. Mdlle, Casaboni shows talent, and has a future before her. Signorina Cecilia Cerri has been succeeded by Signorina before her. Campana; I cannot say she has been replaced until the new-comer has a better chance of proving her ability. The dresses are effective, but call for slight modifications in some cases. The setting is very heavy, and in the third tableau dancing is difficult on account of the rocks with which the stage is almost covered.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN HER NURSING COSTUME IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALPRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



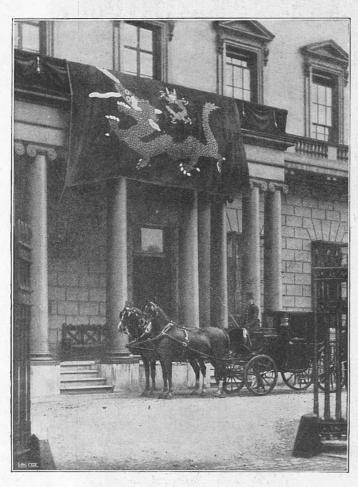
MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS MAY MILDRETH IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen was visited at Windsor on Wednesday by Li Hung Chang, on whom she conferred the Order of an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

The man in the street is quite awake to the importance of Li Hung Chang, and Carlton House Terrace, even in the height of the season one of the most secluded and quiet corners in London, is now



LI HUNG CHANG'S RESIDENCE AT CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

thronged with sightseers longing to catch a glimpse of China's "Grand Old Man." In the twentieth century the stately row of houses which stretches between St. James's Park and the back of Pall Mall will become of historic interest. Li is himself residing in Nos. 14 and 15, the town residence of Lord Lonsdale, where the Emperor of Germany has been more than once entertained with regal state. A few doors off is the German Embassy, and among other residents in the Terrace are the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Astor, Lady Frederick Cavendish, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have often stayed, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose long, lank figure may daily be seen striding across St. James's Park to the House of Commons. Chung T'ang, as he is called in familiar conversation, looks an imposing figure—he is six feet three—when sitting in one of Lord Lonsdale's splendid state carriages, which are, appropriately enough, emblazoned with the famous mustard-yellow which signifies royalty in China. He wears a blue tunic, and his keen little eyes are encased in gold-rimmed goggles. In addition to two large bath-chairs, he is also the owner of a beautiful sedan-chair.

As Li Hung Chang visited the House of Commons while the "foreign devils" were discussing the Scotch Rating Bill, he ought to be made acquainted with a moving incident of the debate. The English members took very little interest in the debate, which related to matters quite beyond their comprehension; but one Englishman, moved by a sense of duty, tried very hard to understand what was going on. Presently he went to sleep, and a Scotch member sitting next to him rose to make a speech. Still the Englishman slept, till suddenly the Scotch member sat down on his hat. Then the English member awoke, and, with whispered maledictions, devoted everything Scotch to the infernal gods. By the way, it is not ctiquette, I understand, for a member who sits down on another member's hat to buy the sufferer a new one. The destruction of a hat is supposed to be one of the natural vicissitudes of public life.

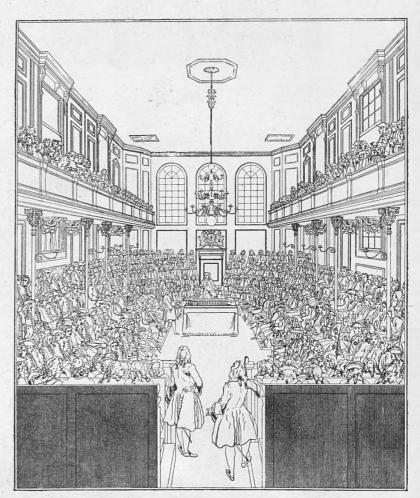
Very different was the House of Commons a hundred and fifty years ago, as the accompanying old print, which I picked up the other day, will show you. Those were the days of pocket boroughs, secret-service moneys, and venal Ministers. Strangers were well catered for, and when uproarious scenes were expected to take place, as many sightseers as members hastened to secure a coign of vantage. The year 1741 witnessed many political storms far exceeding in violence anything

seen at St. Stephen's of late years. What would now be thought of a Prime Minister who, in answer to the most serious accusations, misquoted Horace—"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpe"—and when twitted with his bad Latin by a member of the Opposition calmly proceeded, there and then, to back his classical knowledge with a bet of a guinea, calling on the Clerk of the House to be umpire? And yet such a scene did actually take place in the Mother of Parliaments, and in the presence of a notable assembly who saw nothing unseemly in the occurrence.

Homburg is very full of visitors this year, and is now the most fashionable watering-place in Europe. It is acquiring repute even in cases of obesity, the waters being of a resolvent nature. Dr. Yorke-Davies has already arrived there to look after a fashionable clientèle who are anxious to lose weight. The Prince of Wales derived enormous benefit there last year, having been for some time, as is well known, under the care of this specialist. Certainly, when he returned from Homburg last year everyone noticed how much thinner he was and how much better he looked. Homburg would not be Homburg were it not for its illustrious visitor.

Now that the necessity of having pure water has become so urgent, it is well to know a good filter. *Such a one is the Berkefeld Filter, which consists of compressed and baked diatomaceous earth, while the other filters, producing a sterile filtrate, are composed of porcelain and asbestos in various compositions. Both these latter ingredients consist of solid particles, however, while the silicious skeletons of diatomaceæ (which are hardly larger than the bacteria which they are meant to catch) show under the microscope the lace-like network of living algæ by which they were formed thousands of years ago. The filter is made by a company in Oxford Street, and is applied to every form and use of water.

Mr. Melton Prior came back from South Africa last week on board the Union liner Norman. His shipmates, as you will note from the accompanying photographs, taken on board ship by an amateur, Mr. Hawkins, were a very representative party. For example, among the African celebrities were Mr. Barney Barnato, with his wife and daughter; Mr. Stroyan, with his family; Mr. Grey, of the famous Grey's Scouts; Mr. Brand, also a redoubtable warrior; Mr. Graham, Mr. A. Bailey, Dr. Hillier, Dr. Duirs, Mr. Logan, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr Abrahamson of



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT APPEARED IN 1741.

the Reform Committee, and others. Mark Twain was a good representative of America, and Mr. Prior himself is as typical an Englishman as you would meet with anywhere. I hope to publish a little chat with him soon.

In reference to the case of the old soldier Hallibone, which I recently mentioned, Colonel Hatton, of the Grenadiers, writes me that Hallibone has on many occasions been assisted by the regiment, and his case will again be investigated. Colonel Antrobus thanks me for calling attention to the old Grenadier's condition,

PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE "NORMAN."

S. W. Bayldon. Melton Prior. H. A. Rogers, Dr. Duirs. John Stroyan. Louis Abrahamson.



George Grey.

Captain Jones. Dr. Hillier.

B. I. Barnato. J. D. Logan, Mark Twain, W. T. Graham, Abs Bailey.

J. Lawrence.

Master Stroyan. Mrs. Stroyan.

John Stroyan. Melton Prior.

Miss Barbara Stroyan,



Miss Jessie Stroyan. Miss Gertrude Stroyan,

B, I. Barnato,

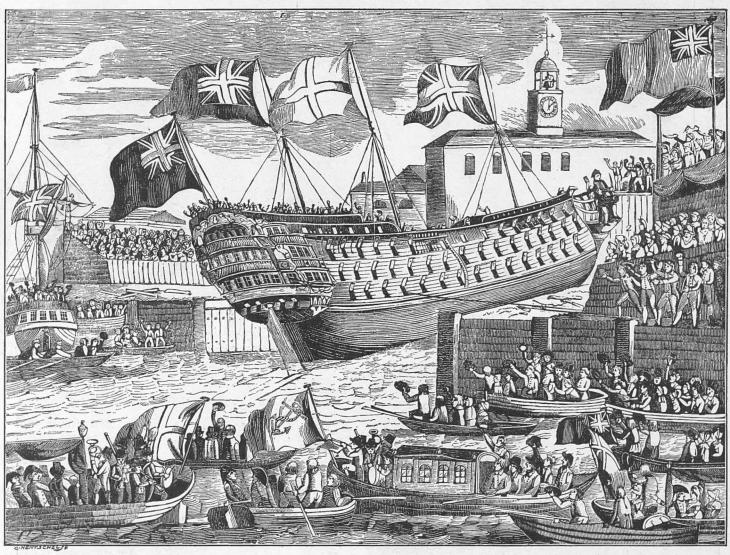
Miss Leah Barnato.

Here is an interesting picture of the scene at the launch of a manof-war more than eighty years ago. The vessel was the first line-of-battle ship added to the English Navy bearing the honoured name of Howe, after the great admiral who in 1794 destroyed the French fleet off Ushant, in the battle generally known as that of "the Glorious First of June." Though first laid down in 1806, she was not completed till nearly nine years later, and was finally launched from the Royal Dockyard, Chatham, on March 28, 1815, in the presence of the Commissioner, Sir R. Barlow, and Admiral Lord Torrington. She was formally christened the Howe with a bottle of wine, which was broken by Lady Torrington in the usual time-honoured fashion. She carried 120 guns, but the fall of Napoleon and the conclusion of a general peace only a few months later prevented her taking part in any engagements, and her career was a quiet and uneventful one. In 1855 the building of a second and more magnificent Howe was commenced at Pembroke. She was a screw steamship of 4245 tons, and carried 120 guns. The superiority of steam as a means of propulsion was then only beginning to be recognised, and the screw of the Howe was merely an auxiliary to her sails; but she was one of the last additions to that splendid sailing

Chairmanship of the Suez Canal Company recalls a tragic and almost Homerically picturesque incident in the early stage of the Revolt of the Netherlands. It was an ancestor of this modern Prince, the Count of Aremberg, one of the leading Catholic and pro-Spanish noblemen, who in his capacity as Stadholder of Friesland was defeated and slain by the despised troops of Louis of Nassau at the Battle of Heiliger Lee (the Holy Lion), May 23, 1568.

Various conflicting accounts have come down to us of that hotly contested and sanguinary battle, but, at any rate, the leaders of the opposed forces engaged in hand-to-hand combats, after the manner of Hector and Patroclus, and it is certain that both Aremberg himself and the young Adolphus of Nassau fell at the head of their men, Aremberg, in particular, fighting valiantly. His defeat and death caused Alva to hurry on the execution of the ill-fated Counts Egmont and Horn. The name, therefore, is fraught with historic associations.

The Midland Railway Company have decided to further extend the issue of week-end tickets at a cheap rate. Commencing on Friday, the



LAUNCH OF THE "HOWE" AT CHATHAM, IN 1815.

Navy to which England owes her greatest triumphs. The last of the three-deckers, the *Victoria*, was launched in 1859.

The present *Howe* is a first-class line-of-battle ship, belonging to the *Admiral* class, all of which were named after distinguished naval commanders, and was built from designs of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B. She was launched at Pembroke on April 29, 1885, but was not finally completed and made ready for sea till a year or two later. She is a twin-screw ship, with a displacement of 10,300 tons, and is protected by an armour belt eighteen inches thick, and carries four 67-ton guns mounted on the barbette system. In November 1892, when forming part of the Channel Squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Fairfax, she went aground on some rocks when entering Ferrol Harbour. No lives were lost, but it was feared there was little hope of saving the vessel. However, in four months she was successfully floated, and, after being hastily repaired at Ferrol, was taken to Chatham. She was commissioned again on Oct. 31, 1893. Her captain was acquitted of all blame for the disaster, as the shoal where it occurred was not marked in the Admiralty chart. The *Howe* is at present stationed in the Mediterranean.

The mention of the Prince d'Arenberg, who is a French landowner and Deputy of distinguished Belgian lineage, as a candidate for the

company will issue return tickets between certain stations on their railway and numerous seaside and inland pleasure resorts distant thirty miles and upwards, at about a single ordinary fare for the double journey. These tickets will be available by any ordinary train on the outward journey on Friday or Saturday, and on the return journey on the following Sunday (where the train service permits), Monday, or Tuesday. The Great Northern are doing the same from all the principal towns on the line to the chief health resorts on and in connection with their system. The London and North-Western Railway Company have issued an admirably illustrated pamphlet on their splendid vestibule trains to Scotland.

"Oliver Twist," absolutely unabridged, in two volumes at a penny each, is the latest thing in cheap literature. It is published in the "People's Home Library."

More instances of ambitiously inappropriate street nomenclature. In Brighton four adjacent streets are called respectively Martin, Luther, Hampden, and Cobden Streets.

Miss Maud Foss, whose portrait is on the opposite page, was first engaged by Mr. George-Edwardes to play in the "Artist's Model," and is now playing in "The Gay Parisienne" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Seaside places are now at the height of their prosperity, and all the world is finding its way to the shore. Skegness is making great efforts to bring prosperity to Lincolnshire. Unlike most seaside resorts, it has a long history. Once on a time the town was surrounded by a wall of great antiquity, and in mediæval annals may be found many

A SKEGNESS CYCLIST.

Photo by Charles Smuth, Skegness.

references to Skegness Castle; but castle, town, and wall slowly disappeared early in the fifteenth century, owing to the encroachments of the sea. day Skegnessis nothing if not fin-de-siècle, and there the holidayseeker finds all modern improvements, including the inevitable pier. On Monday a regatta takes place, and success of the floral fête which has just been held in the town speaks well for the coming function. The Battle of Flowers was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. Held under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and many other local magnates, the fête included, in addition to the usual procession of gaily decorated

donkeys, a May-pole Dance and a Pastoral Play. No undecorated vehicle was allowed to take part in the procession, and the total amount offered in prizes was twenty pounds. The actual battle of blossoms and confetti took place on the Grand Parade and continued nearly half an hour, a well-ordered, smart crowd thoroughly enjoying the experience.

The Society for the Protection of Cats, founded little more than a year ago by Mrs. Gordon, of Earl's Court, has now a local habitation and a name, and has recently had a formal opening, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Premises have been taken for a Cats' Home in Wendell Road, leading off from Askew Road, Shepherd's Bush, which are eminently suitable, being actually an isolated stable in a quiet neighbourhood. Only half the premises at the present time has been rented, but when the funds are forthcoming the whole can be obtained at a reasonable rent. There will then be four rooms upstairs, and two stables, coach-houses, and a yard, all standing alone and not overlooked. As soon as possible a small lethal-chamber will be constructed, which will save a great deal of unnecessary suffering to the



A PRIZE DONKEY AT SKEGNESS.

Photo by Charles Smyth, Skegness.

poor animals to whom, through disease or ill-usage, life has become a misery, and also help to furnish an income by the merciful destruction of pet cats which, from illness or accidents, require to be put out of pain. One portion of the building has been put aside for boarders, who, in the absence of their owners, will be well cared for at a very moderate rate per week. The Home will be open for inspection at stated periods, the

committee being able to visit it at any time, but no cat will be allowed to leave the premises unless ample guarantee is given of a safe and comfortable home being secured for it, and the greatest precautions will be taken to prevent any cat falling into the hands of a vivisector. It is proposed to get up an entertainment in October to increase the funds.

There was a very pretty choral wedding the other afternoon at St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, a church which has seen many an interesting ceremony of a similar character, when the elder daughter of Mr. W. T. Madge, of Globe and People fame, whom The Sketch has introduced to its readers in its "Journals and Journalists of To-Day," was married to Mr. Herbert Edward Forman. A pleasant reception was afterwards held by Mr. Madge at his house in West Cromwell Road, where Sir George Armstrong—who made an apropos little speech—and other friends wished the young couple good luck. Later, the much-requiring-to-be-congratulated bridegroom (to parody the phraseology of the Graf von Lira in "A Roman Singer") and his charming bride took their departure for Mr. Madge's marine residence at St. Margaret's Bay, where a portion of the honeymoon will be spent.

The proposal to erect Mr. Thornycroft's colossal group of Boadicea on the Embankment, which Mr. W. J. Bull, of the London County Council, has done so much to forward, is making gradual progress. One thousand out of the two thousand pounds required to cast it has been collected. The erection of this magnificent work of art is surely well worthy the attention of the people who are writing to the Daily Telegraph on the best way of celebrating the Queen's sixtieth year as



THE MODERN QUEEN BOADICEA.

a Sovereign, and for a very simple reason. Miss Frances Power Cobbe has just been pointing out that the British name which the Romans Latinised into Boadicea would, undoubtedly, have been the Welsh Buddig—pronounced Bythig—and the meaning of this name is Victoria. It is a curious fact that at the beginning of her Majesty's reign a cartoonist represented her as Boadicea "standing loftily charioted"—as the Laureate had it—with Lord John Russell and Daniel O'Connell in her wake. O'Connell, you may remember, played a conspicuous part at the Proclamation of the Queen, for whom he had the greatest enthusiasm, and he acted as a sort of fugleman to the multitude, and regulated their acclamations. Exactly fifty years ago, when Lord John Russell came into power, O'Connell entered into a cordial alliance with the Whigs, though his conduct was censured by the Young Ireland Party.

It is proposed by certain good folks in South London to arrange for the first stage of the Millennium by suppressing the street-cries that often, I must admit, make the earlier hours of the Sabbath hideous. I think I have heard of similar efforts, but they have had, I fear, no practical result. I notice that it is proposed that the better class of the inhabitants of the Southern suburbs should discourage these Sabbath-breaking and discordant cries by declining to deal with the tradesmen who send out the criers. This, I fear, is a suggestion difficult to adopt. Paterfamilias disturbed while reading his Observer or Referce, and hastily chevying the utterer of shricks of "Milk oh!" down the road to see by what dairy he is employed, is a fancy sketch for which I cannot imagine an actual foundation. Neither do I believe in the stern morality of the head of the house who declines to deal with an otherwise satisfactory tradesman because his employé bawls stridently on the seventh day. Perhaps, if the Society would bracket the fanatic bellowings of Salvation Army preachers, who at times remind me more of the puma at the "Zoo" before the dinner-hour than of human beings, they would obtain a larger support. However hopeless their task, I will wish them success, only I will entreat them to leave me still the purveyor of sweet lavender, whose cry is probably the only musical one left in the Metropolis and in Greater London.

I wish the best of luck to the 9th Lancers, who have got their orders to go to South Africa. On another page I give a striking illustration of a typical trooper of the regiment. The Officers' Mess of the 9th has just been enriched with a very handsome clock, presented by Mr. J. S. Forbes, whose marriage with Lady Angela Erskine has



CLOCK PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 9TH LANCERS.

been already announced. The clock is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb. Surmounting the ebony case is a lifelike model of a mounted trooper with lance at the charge, all modelled in sterling silver and standing upon a base of the same metal. Flanking either side are statuettes, also in sterling silver, of dismounted troopers standing at attention. The various engagements in which this celebrated regiment has taken so distinguished a part, and which are borne upon its colours, are emblazoned on silver ribbons around the dial.

Eltham was en fête last week in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, accompanied by a number of friends interested in naval matters, distributed the prizes at the Royal Naval School, or Eltham College, as it is now called. Mr. Goschen, who made the boys an

excellent little speech, told his hearers that he had lived at Eltham as a child in the days when the picturesque suburb was a quiet country village with a "three-deeker" church. The College buildings incorporate a fine old house formerly known as Fairy Hall, and include the usual features common to all good public schools, such as a college library, dining-hall, detached infirmary, swimming-bath, and gymnasium. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is President, takes great interest in the school, and several distinguished naval officers among the directors are former pupils. The school is open to all sons of gentlemen, but certain privileges, including priority in admission, are rightly reserved to the sons of officers in the Royal Navy and Marines of or above ward-room rank. During the last fourteen years, entrance scholarships ranging in value from twenty to forty pounds have been offered annually to boys not already at the school. Eltham College is kept in touch with the Navy by many links. Last year Lady Clanwilliam presented the prizes, and it was at the instance of Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, who is one of the acting Vice-Presidents of the school, that Mr. Goschen performed the same function. His visit will help to increase his interest in this excellent naval institution.

Habitués of Regent Street who have been accustomed to pass under the imposing portico of Hanover Chapel, the classic building on the western side of the northern end of that fashionable thoroughfare, will ere long find themselves without this time-honoured landmark, and the blind folks who were used to read the Scriptures beneath its shelter will be compelled to look (if one may be allowed the word in this connection) for another resting-place. Hanover Chapel, which is, I understand, no longer required, is in course of removal, and the place of this architecturally admirable but grimy building will know it no more. Experts in architecture regret this further illustration of "vanishing London," for they claim Hanover Chapel, or, at any rate, this portico, as the best example of revived Greek architecture in this country. The chapel was designed by the late C. R. Cockerell, R.A. (one of the foremost classical architects of this century), at a cost of something over sixteen thousand pounds, and it was consecrated in June 1825. The Ionic portico, which is so greatly admired for its design and proportions, is said to be imitated from that of Minerva Polias at Priene. The painting of "Christ's Agony in the Garden," by James Northeote, R.A., was presented to Hanover Chapel in 1828 by the British Institution. Already, as I write, the roofing of the portico is nearly gone, carts laden with débris occupy the interior of the building once sacred to pews and worshippers, and the two square turrets of the façade bear the melancholy legend, painted in huge white letters, "Lot 29." That makes one reflect—

A fane has fallen in the land,
As if its base were shifting sand.
A heap of sticks
And battered bricks,
The gaunt and gaping ruins stand.

No longer shall the restless crews
Of children drowse within the pews;
No more shall priest
Spread forth his feast
Of solemn theologic views.

The towers that pointed to the sky Might half inspire the passer-by.
No more divine,
"Lot 29".

Is what arrests the curious eye.

The stately pillars droop and fade.

How wretched hangs the colonnade

That erstwhile rose

In Greek repose,

And sheltered men within its shade!

To-day the shrine, unroofed and lone, Remains in skeleton, o'erthrown; To-morrow falls To see the walls Destroyed to atoms, stone from stone.

'Tis thus we moralise and pine,
When comes decay, when things decline;
Yet church and mart
Must play the part
That overtakes "Lot 29."

Rev. Canon A. J. Carver. Rev. A. E. Rubie. Maj.-Gen. Blake, R.M.



Mrs. Goschen. Mr, Goschen. Maj-Gen. Morris. Lieut.-Gen. H. Kent. Rear-Ad. H. Beamish. Rear-Ad. Sir L. Loraine. Rev. R. P. Brown.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES BY THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN AT THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, ELTHAM.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



A TROOPER OF THE 9th LANCERS, ORDERED TO SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

I have been wondering whether the new bicycle-costume from Paris would overcome the obduracy of the skirtists. The pantaloonists are now reinforced by a divided skirt so artfully made that the division is scarcely perceptible in walking. For that exercise it has an adroit apron down the front. When the wearer is about to mount her bicycle, she doffs the apron, fastens the skirt round each leg, and dawns upon the fascinated male spectator in a suit of knickerbockers. It is a most ingenious and tasteful contrivance, which ought to fill the skirtists with envy, and the ribald sceptic with remorse. The only drawback is that the doffing of the apron and the tucking of the knickerbockers are performances which require some nerve in public.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the new editor of Cornhill, must check a tendency to burst into rapture over his contributors in foot-notes. instance, I read in the current number this remarkable tribute to one of Mr. Strachey's story-tellers:—"Those who hold the doctrine of transmigration will hardly fail, after they have read this story, to think that the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe is once more abroad.—Ed. Cornhill." The story in question is about an elderly gentleman whose eyes turned inwards, so that he saw queer things in his own skull. The idea is grotesque, and the treatment makes the whole thing ludicrous. Now, in his wildest fantasies. Poe is always plausible and always impressive. To his wildest fantasies, Poe is always plausible and always impressive. To suppose that his spirit is capable of such a travesty of the weird as "A Mote" is to libel him grossly. I sincerely trust that "Ed. Cornhill" will not do this again.

Two Sundays ago a remarkable sermon was preached at St. Paul's by an unknown parson, who said the Czar was the Beast of Revelation. am not surprised that this performance has excited public comment. If we are not safe even in St. Paul's from such egregious folly, is it surprising that churchgoing declines? There have been so many surnises about the identity of the Beast that I wonder at one omission. The number of the mystic animal is 666. Now the House of Commons comprises 670 members, and it sometimes happens, when a few seats are vacant, that the actual bulk of the Parliamentary leviathan corresponds with the Scriptural portent. I make a present of this idea to the next addle-pated ecclesiastic who wants to chatter about the Beast in St. Paul's.

One of my contemporaries has started the usual correspondence ut the mingling of the sexes in sea-bathing. This is as inevitable as about the mingling of the sexes in sea-bathing. This is as inevitable as the customary appearance of the sea-serpent at this season of the year. Indeed, I fully expect to hear that a British matron has observed the sea-serpent through a powerful telescope from Ramsgate jetty, disporting himself in a complete bathing-costume, while his spouse, attired with equal decorum, performs her marine exercises at a respectable distance from him.

"True as the needle to the Pole" is a trite saying with a new social significance. I meet needles everywhere, just off to the Arctic regions or thereabouts. They make some pretence of observing an eclipse, or of a little tour in Scandinavia and Russia. Here is the *Victoria* steam-yacht bound for Christiania, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg on Aug. 20, and I daresay Captain Lunham will keep up the masquerade, though I expect to hear that he has carried his passengers to the Pole. Indeed, some ladies, I am told, are taking their bicycles, with the idea of cycling over frozen seas.

When the last notes of the last opera of the season had died away at Covent Garden on Tuesday night, a little band of singers and critics adjourned thence to the Criterion, where the second annual supper was given to Mr. Neil Forsyth, the business-manager of the Royal Opera. Speeches were made by all the critics present in the various styles which have endeared them through the columns of their various papers to the various sections of the British public. One has to mark the variety to save any possible jealousy. Mr. Forsyth's health was toasted in every appropriate manner, and with a sincerity that could not be doubted. Then, when the early light of dawn was streaming in, Mr. Landon Ronald, an admirable young pianist, played Wagner till, literally, all was blue—in the sky. Then the company parted for twelve months or thereabouts.

As to next year's opera season, the thing is so far practically settled that the names of the Royal Opera Syndicate are now enregistered in the shilling archives of Somerset House. Lord De Grey heads the list, followed by Messrs. Higgins, Grau, Forsyth, Montagu Guest, George Cawston, and Greenfield. Mr. Cawston, it may be mentioned in passing, is one of the directors of the Chartered Company. Of these gentlemen Mr. Higgins remains, of course, the solicitor to the concern, Mr. Grau becomes the managing director, and Mr. Neil Forsyth continues his duties as secretary and business-manager. With so competent a directorate, it may, indeed, be trusted that Sir Augustus Harris, in the character of Elijah, may have truly dropped his mantle upon the shoulders of Elisha, be Elisha a man or a company.

The autumn bookings at the Grand, Islington, beat the records even for that admirably managed North London theatre. engagement of "One of the Best," begun on Bank Holiday, is followed by "The Gay Parisienne," Mr. George Alexander and company in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his supporters in "For the Crown," Mr. Tree with "Trilby" and "Henry IV.," Mr. Hare and company, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "The Geisha." I doubt whether this superb list of engagements has ever been excelled.

STARS IN THE EAST.

My Meeca upon Bank Holiday night was in the Mile End Road—an Eastern pilgrimage, in truth. The golden cross of Paul's gleamed dully red in the last rays of the setting sun as I turned by Aldgate Pump for a moment to watch the coy coquetries of a couple of Jewish maidensbig-eyed, black-browed, and beautiful as Rebecca, daughter of old Isaac of York, and their young men—unbeautiful as loud suits of dittoes, low-crowned, broad-brimmed bowlers, and screaming magenta tics could make them. Then came the Minories, with its memories—what ridiculous inconsistencies Memory thrusts before one!—of Moses and Son, the enterprising clothiers, and of David Garrick!

At last! A tall, handsome building with a flag flying from the roof, and outside, on the kerb, a glittering, flashing frieze of cut-glass, lighted up, sparkling like diamonds and rubies, and bearing the legend "Pavilion Theatre." A fine house this, justifying its claim to its sub-title of the Drury Lane of the East, and a credit, inside and out, to its managing director, Mr. Isaac Cohen, who is to-night to produce, with claborate scenery, wonderful mechanical effects, and, as it proves, some excellent artists—veritable "stars" in the East—a new sensational, spectacular, and emotional drama, written expressly for the New Pavilion by those skilful compounders of melodrama, Messrs. Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley. And don't Messrs. Vane and Shirley know their public? Why, the title alone is something to conjure with—"Straight from the Heart!"; for is not your true Mile-Ender all heart, like an honest cabbage? The handsome house, decorated in excellent taste with blue and gold and white, is crammed from the topmost row of the gallery to the happy, perspiring pit, and one has not been five minutes in one's seat before one perceives that the title chosen by the dramatists might be applied to the audience at least as aptly as to the play. Everything with them comes straight from the heart—cheers and hisses alike, for they have not been schooled to hide their emotions beneath the vencer of aristocratic nonchalance which marks the caste of Vere de Vere, and it must be a sheer delight to act before an audience which so utterly and uproariously lets itself go. It does one good, it "warms the cockles of one's heart," to hear the noisy, hearty welcome as the stage favourites step upon the stage—elever Mr. Julian Cross as a manservant with a mystery, an Anarchist in the service of a millionaire; comical Mr. Maitland Marler, as, surely, the funniest Spanish nobleman cum detective ever seen on or off the stage; sturdy Mr. G. W. Cockburn, breeziest and manliest of sea-dogs, as Captain Nugent, R.N.; Mr. Lennox Pawle, a rum-soaked, quaintly humorous quartermaster; Miss Rachel de Solla, as a pathetic, handsome boy stowaway; Mr. Albert Marsh, most melodramatic of villains, with a stage scowl which must be a gold-mine; Mr. Ashley Page, as a Terrissian hero; Dr. Walton, a brave young fellow sorely victimised by Fate; Mr. II. F. McClelland, the clever representative of a conventionally vulgar millionaire; and pretty Miss Marian Denvil, the sweet, plucky, true-hearted daughter of Captain Nugent. This constellation has been caught, like the Pleiades, in a silver net by the

dramatists, and shines out brilliantly in a stormy sky of sensationalism.

Sister Mary Jane's brother, who is in the audience, has a Top Note of cestasy peculiar to himself—a wild, shrill, ceric whistle, heard usually—indeed, almost solely—when Vice is vanquished and Virtue triumphant. It is said by cynics to have its recognisable parallel in social circles considerably higher than that of Sister Mary Jane, when the shriek of the unco guid is heard over the downfall of a reputation. This whistle was heard at frequent intervals during the progress of "Straight from the Heart." It hovered like a stormy petrel over the good ship *Mistletoe*, and shrilled through the house when David Walton called villainous Ventry Fox a liar to his teeth; and again when, in answer to the same unhappy person's question, whether Captain Nugent didn't think it dangerous to stop near a French ship, the British Tar replies, "Why, damme, sir, do you suppose an English ship will run away from it?" it pierced the air, the final expression, in its most concentrated and intense form, of British patriotism. Never, of a surety. trated and intense form, of British patriotism. Never, of a surety, was there an audience so in love with all the virtues as these carnest, enthusiastic, big-hearted playgoers of the East End. I can understand General Booth, who commenced his campaign against Auld Hornie at Mile-End, moving his field of operations westward. Mile-Enders are as overflowing with virtue as the Pavilion audience, the occupation of a Salvation Othello must, in truth, be gone. so effervescent, so ebullient was their virtue, that it seemed positively culpable that it should be restrained by official calls of "Quiet, please!"; with, upon one occasion, when the audience apparently thirsted for the blood of the treacherous villain, the additional intimation, "Be ave yourselves." It is lamentable that zeal in the cause of virtue should, under any circumstances, be checked; but plays must go on, especially when they are spectacular melodramas in four acts and with many "heavy sets" and striking scenes.

When, at last, we all pour out from the rosy romance and lurid melodrama of the Pavilion into the dull prose and material gloom of the streets, the contrast is sufficiently striking. The great, broad thoroughfare yawns darkly before us, and as the cabman strikes across the road he seems to my perhaps melodramatically heated imagination like a badged and licensed Charon ferrying me across the Styx. Yet, so impressed have I been with my experiences among the stars in the East, that, even as at last I fumble in my pocket for my obolus, the memory of Mile-End virtue calls up a corresponding if unaccustomed glow in my own breast, and in my cars, above the rollicking choruses of belated revellers on the pavements, shrills and thrills the piercing sound of Sister Mary Jane's brother's Top Note—the sifflant signal of Virtue triumphant.

A. G.

LIFE IN THE NAVY.

Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

Has anybody such all-round accomplishments as Jack Tar? He has not only all the warlike propensities of the soldier, but he has, by force of circumstances, to possess the domestic tendencies of a housewife. Thus it is that Jack Tar working the Singer sewing-machine, as represented been the custom from time immemorial for bluejackets to have their

clothes made on board, the younger generation show a disinclination to learn tailoring, so that "Thursday afternoons" may become obsolete.

Another curious custom on board ship is the turning-out of the "scran-bag," which is also a Thursday afternoon function. Every man on board ship has a place to stow his belongings; should, however, he leave any article lying about, it is immediately seized and put into this bag, and Thursday afternoon is utilised as the clearing-day. The



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.

in the accompanying photograph, is a familiar sight on board ship. Every Thursday afternoon work on board ship is stopped; half the crew go on shore, and half spend the time in making or mending their clothes, go on snore, and hair spend the time in making or mending their clothes, for Jack is his own tailor. One of the bluejackets who has, perhaps, an instinct for finance, buys a machine, which he lets out at so much per hour, while the borrower is a bluejacket with more than an amateur's knowledge of tailoring. The masculine sempstress squats down on deck and opens shop. One customer, for example, will tender a shilling and an old pair of trousers, from which he wants a cap made. The tailor turns out half-a-dozen caps from this article of clothing, and sells them at a florin each. In this way Jack ekes out his living. Though it has



OPENING THE SCRAN-BAG.

contents of the bag as turned out form a wonderful medley: pipes and plugs, socks, boots-in fact, everything that is losable. The gentleman who takes charge of this function is a sort of naval policeman; need it be said that he is an unpopular personage?

Of course, Jack knows every aspect of ship work, and is an adept at knotting and splicing, which he is taught in the naval training-ships. He enters one of these when he is about fifteen, and goes through an elaborate education. The photograph on this page shows him learning the gentle art of knotting and splicing. A rope is stretched between two points of the deck and on this the lads operate. They range themselves in a row on each side, and are taught the art of splicing.



SINGER'S SEWING-MACHINES ON BOARD.

THE NEW LINE INTO LONDON.

Photographs by T. Carew Martin.

It will be pleasant news to the thousands of cricketers scattered over the world, to whom Lord's may be said to be their Mecca, to learn that the much-execrated London extension of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway has just been successfully bored under the well-known "Nursery end" of the ground without disturbing by a particle



MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S HOUSE, ALPHA PLACE, NOW DEMOLISHED,

the surface of the soil. When a season or two ago it was hinted that the new line into London, which was to have its terminus in St. John's Wood, threatened to encroach on the sacred precincts of Lord's, a bitter cry went up, and keen was the opposition to the scheme. As a matter of fact, Lord's by the new arrangement distinctly "scores," as visitors to the ground next summer will realise. In exchange for the privilege of tunnelling under, not the sacrosanct "crease," but a portion of the ground two hundred yards distant, the M.C.C. have been presented by the railway with a fine plot of about two acres, formerly occupied by the Clergy Orphanage. This, laid out with turf and kept in order at the company's expense for two years, will be added to the already considerable extent of land occupied by Lord's. Of the Orphanage not a vestige now remains, its site at the present moment being covered with a huge and unsightly accumulation of clayey soil excavated from the tunnel bored within the last few months, and, when in working order, to be utilised to carry away to the country the extracted "dirt." This done, the whole will be levelled and converted into grass-plot. In which connection may be mentioned a fact not, perhaps, generally known, that it takes two years for the turf laid down at Lord's—in the cricketing



WORKS ON THE REGENT'S CANAL.

season the admiration of thousands of visitors—to acclimatise itself to its new home. For this purpose it is first planted at the Nursery end of the ground, from which, as at the present moment, it is raised to plant on the crease near the Pavilion.

But if Lord's undergoes no alteration at the hands of the new line into London, the same cannot be said of the rest of St. John's Wood through which the railway runs, more particularly that district which lies immediately north and south of the Regent's Canal, where the terminus,

with its forty-four acres for a goods depôt—the largest in London—has swept away an entire neighbourhood and levelled many a quiet villa and garden, the trees of which have been cut down with a disrespect perhaps only possible to the ruthless railway contractor. The once retired Regent's Canal, embowered in greenery, the beauty of which, by the way, has never been sufficiently appreciated by Londoners, has been invaded by an army of navvies, while hissing and clanking steam cranes and excavators have been hard at work, literally day and night, for months past, preparing the foundations of the vast goods depôt which is to occupy the space lying south of the Canal and Alpha Road, at present the embryo terminus of the line. Opinions, it must be confessed, are divided locally as to the effect of the new railway, a fact which has been curiously made known to the world in the course of the costly litigation over the enormous claim for compensation made by the owners of the Eyre estate. When first the railway was mooted and the plan of its route published, a howl of execration went up from the inhabitants of St. John's Wood, a neighbourhood which has ever been a favourite one with the artistic professions, the painters, singers, actors, and dramatists. Even though the protest failed in its chief object—to prevent the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Extension from entering London at this point—it at least scored a brilliant victory in forcing the company to make



THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD TERMINUS AT ALPHA ROAD.

concessions to the asthetic, an element not usually associated with railway enterprise. Open cuttings were to be avoided, and turf-covered tunnelling was to be practised as far as possible to the north of the canal. Hence St. John's Wood proper, as distinguished from St. John's Wood "improper," though at this moment crucilly knocked about, promises in course of time to be restored to something of that rural charm which has been its special feature. At present, it must be admitted, demolished houses, piles of bricks, prostrate trees, and mountains of excavated soil mark the route which the new line is to take.

It is, however, in the district south of the Canal that the wild scene of desolation is the most marked. Grove Gardens has ceased to exist, Alpha Place has been demolished, and with it the house of Mr. Jerome, the novelist, over which that gentleman and the railway had so disastrous a lawsuit. A series of iron-girdered bridges are being erected on brick foundations across the Canal, which now presents both day and night a busy scene indeed, after dark huge flare-lights enabling the work to be pressed forward, since the contract requires the completion of the whole within the next two years. Those who may remember the district would certainly find it difficult to recognise it now. A great part of North Bank has disappeared; a new thoroughfare has been laid out. The Priory, the former home of George Eliot, and, in later years, of Mr. Wilson Barrett, remains, however, intact; but all the villas between the Canal and Alpha Road have been swept away. For the present, the large district lying south of this, comprising Blandford Square and Dorset Square up to the Marylebone Road, remains untouched. Northwards the line of destruction is merely confined to the relatively small space needed for the lines of rail, but all along the Finchley Road the tornado of demolition has swept.

Nothing, perhaps, tends better to show the enormity of London than the quiet way in which such great works, remodelling whole neighbourhoods, are carried out without attracting more than the merest local attention. A whole side of Bishopsgate Street disappears to satisfy the necessities of the Great Eastern Railway, Drury Lane is almost entirely rebuilt, a great site like that occupied by the Millbank Penitentiary is cleared unknown and unperceived by the dwellers in other parts of the Metropolis. It will be the same with the St. John's Wood line of rail; only when the great goods depôt, with its forty-four acres of sidings and sheds, is completed will Londoners realise what a change has been effected in a once rural corner of their city, which, however, happily, will not be so much desecrated by the new line as was at first feared.

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"THE HONEYMOON."

A famous comedy in its day, and for many days thereafter, John Tobin's



MISS MELLON AS VOLANTE.

so, though the ex-periment would be an interesting one.
The play, which is
an attempt to imitate the Elizabethans, more particularly Massinger, and is written mainly in blank verse, has given one well-known quotation

The man that lays his hand upon a woman, Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

And this quotation owes much of its vogue, I fancy, to the old theatrical story of the actor who was notorious for beating his wife, and whose utterance of this noble sentiment on one occasion, when he was cast

for Duke Aranza, was eagerly awaited by his sniggering fellow-actors. But he was quite equal to the occasion, and spouted the sentiment, slightly amended-

The man that lays his hand upon a woman, Except when she deserves it, is a wretch Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

On its original production in 1805, Tobin's comedy had the benefit of incomparable acting. Elliston's Duke Aranza was so admirable that Leigh Hunt declared it to be that delightful actor's finest performance. It not only allowed him to display his command of dry humour, but "his lively gentility, his imposing dignity, and his amatory fire." Hunt's

> MissDance's Night The Duke (first time) by Mr. C. KEMBLE,
> Counc by Mr. COMER.
> Rolando by Mr. JONES,
> Balthazar by. Mr. EGERTON,
> Lampedo by Mr. BLANCHARD,
> Lopez by Mr. EARNES, Campillo by Mr. ATKINS
> Jaquez (the Mock Duke) by Mr. LISTON,
> Olmedo Mr. Louis, Pedro Mr King
> aliaua (first time, & carth the original Sone) by Mr. BDANCE,
> Volante by Mis FOOTE,
> Hofels by Mrs. DAVENPORT,
> Lampedo Mr. DAVOR by the Characters,
> Moretho, the popula footlose of A Day after the Wedding;
> or, a Wife's First Lesson.
> Col Fredric by Mr. JONES
> Land Rivers Mr. CLARM MONT, James Mr. A Fixes, by Mis Finery,
> Land Lindboth Fred inc. Mis (Class. Wes Bricks by Mis Finery,
> To decleance whether confinelities of No Song No Supper Product by Mr. PYNF.
>
> Robon, Mr. FAWLLIT. Endows, Mr. LISTON,
> 1 VVLOR, Thomas, Mr. My Mr. N. Wildom, Mr. J. ISAACS
> Locific by Mrs. REACMONT,
> Locific by Mrs. REACMONT,
> 1 (1911). Onerola, Mrs. LISTON, Notice, M. B. L. LIGELN. Descript, Mrs. LISTACS
> Notice, Management (for Print Neglet Beight pay Mis. DANCE,
> N. B. BOR Tichers attend to the Boxes Only.
>
> **The Boar Tichers attend to the Boxes Only.
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> **The Directed Commissional Entire Research and Commissional Commissional Entire Research.**
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> **The Directed Commissional Entire Research.** And UNDINE, for the 20th time, on Thoulday next.
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> HARLIEQUIA and PRILIE BACON,
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high opinion of the impersonation may be gathered from the fact that he considered that he had seen only two performances as perfect, and that these were John Philip Kemble's Penruddock and Mrs. Siddons's Queen Katharine. The Juliana of this perfect Aranza was Miss Duncan, who



afterwards became Mrs. Davison, and she, like Elliston, was esteemed unapproachable in this play. In the scene which concludes the fourth act, where Juliana is compelled to dance with the rustic, Lopez, Miss Duncan's acting was said to be surpassingly fine. She is supposed to dance at first perversely and ill-temperedly, but gradually to enter into the spirit of the frolic, and dance with vigour and enjoyment. It was said that her acting here was one of the finest pieces of pantomime the stage ever showed, and that "it almost might be said the body thought."

Miss Mellon, an actress regarding whose abilities I am

whose abilities I am always more or less sceptical, was the original Volante, and certainly made a great hit. The part was first cast to Mrs. Jordan; but that actress, when she discovered how strong the character of Juliana was, declined to play second-fiddle to Miss Duncan, and the inexperienced Miss Mellon got an oppor-tunity, of which she took every advantage. Zamora, the third sister, was charmingly played by Miss Decamp; Bannister, most delightful of actors, was the Rolando; and the broad-comedy part of Jaquez, the servant who is required to personate his master the Duke, was acted by Collins, a young and very promising player, who died in



MRS. DAVISON AS JULIANA.

the next season. Since its first production, "The Honeymoon" has always been a favourite piece for benefits, and remains a "stock" play to this day; but, if we except Charles Kemble's Aranza, it can scarcely be said that any great reputation has been made in any of the characters.

R. W. J.

MISS BERYL FABER.

Another of the many young actresses who have gone out to Australia to undergo the varied and high-class dramatic experience which the Brough-Boucicault Company is so well able to give, has just returned to England in the person of Miss Beryl Faber, who has been absent about a year and a half. This capable young actress, who during her stay in Australia has proved herself possessed of a wide histrionic range, went out to Australia with Miss Geraldine Olliffe, whose short stay so a lmirably qualified her to take up the important part of Mrs. Prothero in "The Rogue's Comedy" recently. Miss Faber proved herself so useful to the company, particularly in light comedy parts, and so popular with playgoers, that she was induced to stay on longer than Miss Olliffe, and she remained with the company until the long-standing partnership between Mr. Brough and Mr. Boucicault was dissolved recently. Under Mr. Boucicault's admirable tuition Miss Faber has ripened into an actress of considerable talent, which is equally manifest in comic or serious parts. Before she went to Australia, however, she had gained a good deal of experience in some first-class companies. Miss Faber is a Brighton girl, her brother being Mr. C. A. Smith-Faber is Latin for Smithquondam Sussex and Cambridge cricketer, now a member of John Hare's company, and her sister Miss M. Faber, who was the Lady Montague of Forbes-Robertson's "Romeo and Juliet." She drifted on to the



MISS BERYL FABER. Photo by Talma, Melbourne

professional stage from the Brighton Green-Room Club, whence not a few capable players have come. She made her first appearance in "The Village Priest," on tour, in 1890, and then joined Charles Cartwright's company to play Lady Harding in "The Idler." A short season with Mr. F. R. Benson in a Shaksperian production was followed by her joining Messre Cartwright and Tamina's containing the season with the season wi by her joining Messrs. Cartwright and Tapping's company and playing Nell in "Lost Paradise." Then she played two important parts on tour in Mr. Lewis Waller's production of "A Woman of No Importance," these parts being, first, Hester Worsley, and then Mrs. Allonby. Having thus grounded herself in the provinces, Mr. George Alexander availed himself of her services, both in London and on tour. She created the snall part of Lady Charles Raindean in "The Masqueraders," at the St. James's, and played Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," on tour. Then she undertook the trip to Australia, and during the last eighteen months has been playing a round of characters that would tax the resources of a much more experienced actress. A few of the characters which Miss Faber has represented in the Colonies will give characters which Miss Faber has represented in the Colonies will give some idea of her range and of the versatility required of an actress in Australia. All the following parts she has played well, and some more brilliantly than others:—Helen Larondie in "The Masqueraders," Inez Quesnel in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," Lady Chiltern in "An Ideal Husband," Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind," Lady Noeline in "The Amazons," Kate Cloud in "John-à-Dreams," Ellean in "Mrs. Tanqueray," Margery in "The New Woman," Gertrude Thorpe in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," Countess Soukareff in "Fédora," Wilhelmina Carlingham in "Thoroughbred," Gwendoline Fairfax in "The Importance of Being Earnest," and Olive Allingham in "The Benefit of the Doubt."

A CHAT WITH LI HUNG CHANG'S PHYSICIAN.

Calling at 14, Carlton House Terrace, immediately after the arrival of the Chinese Viceroy (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), I was fortunate enough to secure a chat with Dr. Irwin, who for many years past has held the responsible

post of physician to Li Hung Chang and his family.

It is almost a unique cir-

cumstance to find an Irish doctor occupying such an important position in a country where the superiority of Western medical science is only begin-ning to be acknowledged and appreciated at its proper value; indeed, there is little doubt that Dr. Irwin's skill and success have played no small share in bringing about this desirable reformation.

Tall, handsome, talented, and possessed of much geniality and charm of manner, Dr. Irwin is as pleasant a specimen of an Irishman as it is possible to meet, and had he followed his youthful bent, and become an army surgeon, there is little doubt but that the present day



DR. IRWIN.

would have found him occupying a very prominent position in the Army Medical Department; but just as he left Netley, being apprised of a good opening for a doctor at Tien-Tsin, he determined to try his luck in the

Flowery Land, a decision he has never found cause to regret.
"I went out to China in 1878," he replied to a query of mine, "and the following year it was my good fortune to be called in to attend a case of serious illness in the Imperial Yamên at Tien-Tsin. My patient recovered, and shortly after I was appointed Chief Physician to the

Viceroy and his family."

"Do you mean that you, a European doctor, were allowed to attend the ladies of the family?"

"Oh, yes. I attended Lady Li through several illnesses, and till her



LI HUNG CHANG. Photo by Chalot, Paris.

death, a few years ago, when I lost a kind and good friend. She was pure Chinese, and with the typical tiny feet of her race; but in intellect and sympathy she was far in advance of her time, and of her country."

"The condition of Chinese women still leaves much to be desired?"

"Undoubtedly so. For instance, the Anti-Footbinding Association

scarcely makes any way, though its branches are spread all over the Empire; but its promoters do not despair, and trust that their perseverance will in the end bring about the abolition of this custom."

Among the male population do you see any signs of advancement?"

"Yes, there is a greater anxiety to learn, and the thirst for acquiring foreign languages is something extraordinary. This is especially noticeable among the lower classes. The *literati* are poor, proud, and averse to the smallest symptom of Western civilisation. There is possibly no country in the world where higher respect and appreciation are accorded to literature; but the writers and the writings must be Chinese-nothing else is tolerated."

"In the case of native schools, have foreign professors any chance?"

"In the case of native schools, have to reign professors any chance?"

"Most certainly; at the present time there are many engaged in teaching in different institutions."

"Isn't there a medical school with which you have been associated?"

"That is the Naval and Military Medical Institute at Tien-Tsin which Li Hung Chang established, chiefly at my suggestion, and of which he was pleased to appoint me Director, and Surgeon-Major Heuston Professor. Native medical science was on a very low level; but the work done in this school is showing beneficial results already. but the work done in this school is showing beneficial results already,

particularly in surgery."
"Do you consider China offers good openings for professional men?" "Yes, for doctors, engineers, and scientific professors, and, judging by the changes wrought during the last few years, the openings will be

largely increased in the immediate future."

"Have any other important personages followed his Excellency's example and appointed European physicians?"

"Yes, I know of several. I am not the only British medical man at Tien-Tsin. With the suburbs, the population is reckoned at over a



DR. IRWIN'S HOUSE, SHAMROCK LODGE.

million and a half. The city, on the whole, is healthy, but, with such

masses of people, there necessarily is also much illness."

"On the whole, I suppose you find the natives easy to get on with?" "Yes; that is, when certain prejudices are overcome. They are an extraordinarily superstitious race, and it takes the 'Western Barbarian'—or 'foreign devil,' as he is more familiarly called—a considerable time to learn to steer his course safely.'

"Have you not received some rather high mark of distinction not

usually bestowed on foreigners?"

"I suppose you mean the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon, which was conferred on me in 1889 by the special request of Li Hung Chang; and recently I was advanced in the order, in recognition of services rendered during the late war."

"Is this order a rare distinction for a foreigner?"

"Well, I believe so. It was bestowed on General Gordon, a hero for whom Li Hung Chang had the highest admiration and esteem. We shall never see his like in China again, but his name and his memory will survive many generations. He never came north without paying me a visit."

"Visitors are the exception, not the rule, at Tien-Tsin, I imagine?"

"By no means, and, really, we have a fair amount of society. The foreign settlement numbers about three hundred and fifty persons, and much friendly intercourse prevails in spite of the very diversified elements of which it is composed. We have British, Americans, Russians, Danes, French, Germans, Swiss, Spanish, Portuguese, &c. This community will, doubtless, be largely augmented, as Tien-Tsin is one of the most rising cities in the Empire, and as more comes to be known about it settlers will be attracted. At present a mint is being established there, the first in China, where, as you are aware, there is no fixed coinage; copper, for mercantile purposes, being sold by weight; and, as 40 lb. can be obtained for a sovereign, you will understand that as a currency it is most cumbersome. A silver local coinage exists in several large towns, but is not available in any other district."

"Have you seen much of the country?"

"Have you seen much of the country?

"I have done a good deal of travelling, and have made several tours in Mongolia and Manchuria. Some years ago I took my wife a trip to Siberia, which was an interesting and novel experience.

"Are you able to secure any good sport in your parts?"

"There is excellent snipe- and duck-shooting, but no large game can be found within nine days' journey from Tien-Tsin; then wolves, boar, and deer of various kinds can be got, and give capital sport. By the way, you ought to see a photograph of some tailless Manchurian deer



DR. IRWIN'S MANCHURIAN DEER.

which we keep as pets at Shamrock Lodge. They are the most gentle creatures, come into the house, follow the groom down the street, and never attempt to stray."

"Did you not collect rather a menagerie at one time?"

"Well, yes; it became, however, too large, and I gave the bears and the majority of the animals to the Municipal Gardens in Tien-Tsin, where they have been most comfortably housed, and now form the nucleus of a zoological collection. I still keep my deer and some dogs, Chinese greyhounds, kangaroo-dogs, &c.''

"How do you fare for horses?"

"Not well, but we hope horse-breeding will improve in time."

Dr. Irwin gave me a rapid sketch of his present tour, dwelling much on the magnificence of the festivities at Moscow, and on the splendour and luxury of the travelling arrangements made for Li Hung Chang and his suite. From Odessa to Moscow and Warsaw the Emperor of Russia's own special train was placed at his disposal, and similar arrangements were made by the Government of each country through which they passed. "It has been a wonderful experience," he added, "and, of course, there is still much to come. We leave on the 22nd inst. for New York, and, after a tour through the States and Canada, proceed to Japan viâ San Francisco. No, my native land is not included in his Excellency's itinerary, but I hope to come home on leave next year."



THE VERANDAH OF SHAMROCK LODGE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The interest of the Jameson trial has reached its zenith and declined; and it is probable that, now that the ignominious part of the punishment has been remitted, the prisoners will be allowed to serve their time undisturbed. For active men, used to the open air, the mere confinement is an ever-present annoyance, and, supposing that the completion of the Queen's sixtieth year of reign does not set "Dr. Jim" free, he will have had as much as his health will stand, and possibly a trifle over, by the end of fifteen months as a first-class misdemeanant.

It may safely be said that in no other country would there have been anything like a chance of a verdict against so popular a person. Would a French jury have convicted the wild Morès if he had carried out his chimerical plan of rousing the African tribes against Egypt, and had been captured and handed over to his own Government? Would a German jury sentence the egregious Peters for any encroachment on British Africa? Is there any particular likelihood of Lothaire getting his deserts in any regular and legal manner? Other nations carry their patriotism with them into the law courts. Our judges are dispassionate beings, working in a vacuum. To them all excuse, true or feigned, was naught; it was no justification in law, and therefore did not exist. So far as there was any perceptible bias, it was against the set of patriotic feeling; and if the counsel for the prosecution was too mildly judicial, the Chief Justice more than supplied all his deficiencies.

In fact, some of Lord Russell's less friendly critics indulged in reminiscences of the political cases by which he won eminence. Now, as then, they said, his high abilities were applied to diminish and humiliate the Empire, and the defender of Parnell and Co. was merely continuing his political career by charging against Dr. Jameson. But this comment is hypercritical and unjust. If the Lord Chief Justice showed less than due judicial impartiality, the cause must be sought in the habits of his past career. When Sir Charles Russell was the leading advocate of his time, observers were wont to complain that he was at times unable to distinguish himself from the Judge in the case; now that he is a Judge himself, the same mental confusion makes him mistake himself for the prosecuting counsel.

Has it ever occurred to those writers of more or less republican temper who condemn the raid most fervently that the nearest historical parallel to Jameson's enterprise is the adventure of Lafayette in America? The New England Colonists were taxed without representation, but far more lightly than the Uitlanders; they were denied political rights while subjected to political burdens; their trade was hampered in the supposed interests of the Mother Country. But in all these respects the English-born residents of Johannesburg have been far worse treated, and that not by their own countrymen, but by another race.

Every ridiculous or pitiful blunder made by the Reformers could be matched in the American War of Independence. The first Congress was often imbecile enough for a Johannesburg Committee. The pseudocommercial fiction used to shield the plot has its exact counterpart in the fictitious house of Hortalez and Co. invented to screen the aid given by the French Government to the American Colonists. Had Lafayette been gathered in by a British fleet on his way westward, he would have cut as poor a figure as any baffled filibuster. It is true that Lafayette went for the sacred rights of humanity, for liberty and other abstractions in which he believed with all the strength of his rather shallow nature; but the bulk of his followers helped the American cause partly for adventure, but chiefly to be revenged on England for her past victories. Revenge is a nobler motive than greed of gain, but not much nobler.

Again, if "Dr. Jim" might have brought on a serious war, Lafayette did. For the feeling which he represented and fostered drew the French Government to break its neutrality, and thus be drawn into an expensive and chequered war, which finally baffled all Turgot's attempts to rescue the finances of France from bankruptcy. Hence, the French Revolution, with all its horrors, which arose primarily from that bankruptcy, was really the work of those sentimental and sympathising filibusters who went to help Washington. I do not see what circumstance puts Lafayette above Jameson. The Scotsman's aims were probably less high-flown; but, on the other hand, he did not prate a shallow cosmopolitanism; whereas Lafayette was already an orator of the Revolution, one of the most wearisome set of men known to history.

But only the element of luck divides the decried buccaneer from the glorious deliverer. An English three-decker in Lafayette's path would have brought on him the fate of "Dr. Jim"; a false alarm drawing the Boers to the wrong side would have let Jameson and his men through, to be the leaders and organisers of the masses of Uitlanders. And if George III. had been a Krüger in cunning, as he was in rusticity, the centenary of the Declaration of Independence might be far in the future, and the Glorious Fourth guiltless of fireworks.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mrs. Fuller Maitland has followed up her "Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre" with "The Saltonstall Gazette" (Chapman), which is of the same order. The genre suits Mrs. Maitland's talents admirably. She has read a great deal, and in old and out-of-the-way books; she has thought and judged the things of to-day, and has made a varied study of humankind. Her diaries and commonplace-books are, therefore, worth fishing in. And it is doubtful whether adherence to the more rigid plan of essays or stories would suit her half as well. The "Gazette," however, cannot be called an improvement on the earlier book. Firstly, it is much too huge; and secondly, it purports to be "written by various hands," a pretension which demands the imitation or invention of many styles, in which Mrs. Maitland is sometimes happy, and sometimes quite the reverse. The whole is a kind of Tatler, but interspersed with more learning than the Tatler could boast of, especially in respect to the author's hobbies of gardening and herbalism. Curious samples of imaginary correspondence, too, are given, with old recipes, and here and there some exquisite lyrics.

I give one of the last, as proof that this writer, at her best, and in an old-modish way, is one of the gracefullest and tenderest of the present-day singers—

Fear Time, but fear not Death,
O fearful Lover;
Death will thy love to thee for e'er bequeath.
Time may discover
How love with Time weighs little,
And seeming trust, as crystal glass, is brittle.

Fear Time, but fear not Death;
For Death is sealing
The lips for thee from which their fragrant breath
His touch is stealing.
Then fear not Death, O Lover;
Time and not Death may flaw in her discover.

Mrs. Maitland has not yet, I think, collected her verses, and as a necessary condition of her being asked to do so is that they should first be known, I make no apology for quoting a verse of another—

All ends in song—the doing and the undoing,
The taken fortress, and the lost campaign;
The patient waiting, and the hot pursuing,
The pride of life, the peril and the pain;
All ends in song—life, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter throe.

Perhaps some will find her prose in this book a trifle heavy, but did they take the trouble to index it they would find it a wonderful collection of curious learning in poetry, cookery, perfumery, and gardening.

For real, breathless excitement I can recommend no novel of the hour half so cordially as I can Mr. Sanger Davies' "Dolomite Strongholds" (Bell). It is not a new book, and perhaps Alpine climbers know it well already from its first edition. But it should be known beyond the circle of the Alpine Club, and if, in spite of all its cautious counsel, it send some to their death, it will, in compensation, have given a fillip to the energies and the spirits of scores. Yet it has no literary qualities at all; it barely mentions a sunset; it indulges in no reflections on the sublime and the beautiful. The narrative is of the barest and briefest. It is merely businesslike and faithful. But then it deals with the most fascinating things on earth, which are human pluck and hardihood; and of all the dangerous and uncomfortable things which mankind persists in doing in the name of sport, rock-climbing provides the best matter for a breathless story. The peaks Mr. Davies climbed were the Croda da Lago, the Little and the Great Zinnen, the Cinque Torri, the Funffingerspitze, and the Langkofel. Other climbers had been there before him, but not many; for though of hardly one peak will he say it is positively dangerous, they all require the very maximum of nerve; and, reading the story of the Little Zinne Traverse and the hail-storm on the Langkofel, one feels oneself turning over the pages gingerly, lest one should startle the scramblers with not a spare inch between them and eternity. Mr. Davies, by-the-bye, thinks that the old reproach for foolhardiness in mountaineering should no longer attach to Englishmen, that nowadays "greater risks are run and less justifiable enterprises are attempted by the Germans and the Swiss." He has made a model book, only comparable for interest even to Mr. FitzGerald's "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, which is, of course, historically much more important; and one feels glad that he has the reward of the just and the plucky, since he dates the preface to h

Dr. Jessopp has collected a number of charming essays on antiquarian, historical, and other weighty subjects, and dubbed them "Frivola" (Unwin). There is just this amount of truth in the name, that they are easy to read and that their learning is palatable. "Frivola" contains some excellent ghost-stories, especially in the essay on "The Dying-out of the Marvellous," while another fine contribution to occult lore is "The Phantom Coach." This last legend concerns, among other Norfolk worthies, the father of Mr. Rider Haggard; but, luckily for him, if disappointing to callous story-readers, no one seems to have been a penny the worse for all the weird drawing-up of the coach before the door and its mysterious disappearance on a windless night. Dr. Jessopp tells his own experiences, too, and heartily jeers and scoffs at the poor creatures bereft of that sense that gives a savour to life—the sense of the marvellous.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.-GREUZE.

FROM THE NEW SERIES OF PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, PUBLISHED BY THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, NEW OXFORD STREET.

ART NOTES.

The Greuze "Head of a Young Girl" which is in the National Gallery has been admirably reproduced by the Autotype Company.

Here is another of Mr. Longmaid's pictures—"Pets." It shows the artist in a favourite mood, and is an excellent example of his work.



PETS .-- W. H. LONGMAID.

Mr. Haynes-Williams' charming picture "Romance" has just been reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Landeker, Lee, and Brown, of Worship Street. The picture has many points of interest that cannot be brought out in the small reproduction given of it here, but these are done justice to in the photogravure, the size of which is thirty by twenty.

It is stated that the trustees of the National Gallery are very pleased with the offer of the new Raffaele made to them, that its condition is good, and that its price is reasonable. It may therefore be assumed that the picture will be purchased for the national collection, a conclusion which one may accept with chastened enthusiasm. We have a number of Raffaeles at the National Gallery, some good, and some belonging to the master's less interesting manner. We have also paid a very large sum for one which it is now generally acknowledged was scarcely worth the amount given for it. Although,

therefore, it is wise to buy a good example for a moderate amount, it may be well to remember that the National Gallery is still poor in some artists where it is abundantly rich in Raffaele.

It is, indeed, a little curious to note how steady a diminution of enthusiasm has attended modern opinion of a master who was once reckoned not only the Prince of Painters, but the only perfect painter that the world has seen. In so recent a period as that of our grandfathers—in the middle days, say, of Thackeray's highest popularity—it would have been held more than shame to hint the shadow of imperfection in the work of the great master. Raffaele's perfection was, of course, Clive Newcome's conventional creed. But since Clive Newcome's old-age France has done so much to remove this convention from its high pedestal that it is now even fashionable to take a somewhat foolish extreme on the other side. In England traditions die hard, and the culmination of the Raffaele tradition ended in our purchase of the "Ansidei Madonna" for £70,000; it has now come to this, that an intelligent contemporary suggests the sale of this picture, and a purchase (with the proceeds, or part of them) of a single Corot!

Poor South Kensington has for a long time been compelled to endure the whips and scorns of artists who are, rightly or wrongly, of opinion that a State Church of Art is irreconcilable with the best interests,

the sincere expression of that much-abused element in life. But the authorities certainly have the courage of their opinions, and, by way of showing not only what the school has produced in the last year, but also its general achievement for the last decade of years, an exhibition of students' work during these periods is now to be seen at South Kensington. It is a brave experiment.

Even South Kensington, however, with all its bravery and its boldness of challenge, cannot avoid the results of the inevitable law that when students work under the same control, the same rules, and from the same models, an exhibition of the issue of such toil cannot fail to be monotonous. It has been well pointed out that "the trouble with all competitions is that the competitors are working not to do the best that is in them to do, but to produce that which will please their examiners." This is, indeed, most obviously emphasised upon the present occasion. It must be allowed, indeed, that there has been much intelligent instruction and much intelligent advantage taken of that instruction; and this, of course, is, to a large extent, equivalent to saying that South Kensington is capable of giving a good foundation training to young students who may or may not have original talent. As this is the most that can be said of any art school, and as it is the business of such a school to train, not to find brains, it may be as well to hesitate before indulging in any special abuse of this particular school.

And, as South Kensington is for the moment occupying attention, it may be well to refer briefly to the recommendation of a contemporary that suggests the removal of the easts to the hall from which the late Professor Middleton took them, in order that the tapestries may be more easily displayed. Now, it may be true enough that Professor Middleton did not live long enough to carry out with any completeness the work which he contemplated for the improvement of South Kensington; but it seems a monstrous and humiliating project, which seems to undo even the small amount of excellent work which he was, at all events, able to do. Another contemporary goes so far as to declare that if such an idea were carried out "we can only make the suggestion that the entire place be shut up permanently and the collection sold, or given, to some country that has the intelligence to appreciate it."

In one quarter there comes the report of failure in the opening of Art Galleries on Sundays, namely, from Dulwich. In common with other similar institutions, the Dulwich Gallery opened its doors to Sabbath pilgrims, and the announcement is now made that the practice is to be discontinued owing to "the poor attendance of the public." One is naturally grieved that such a course should have been found necessary, but, in any case, it need not be particularly disheartening to the veriest fanatic of the National Sunday League. Districts are very much like individuals, after all, and a district may prove, like any individual, coy in adopting a novel idea, and, still more, a novel practice; one exception, therefore, like that of Dulwich, should have no effect whatever upon the general tendency of the known facts that the Sunday opening of Museums and Galleries has been, on the whole, a highly successful experiment.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and if the removal of a quantity of pictures from the Archbishop's Palace at Milan—the house where St. Charles Borromeo lived—has left that celebrated building the poorer, the better-known Brera Gallery has largely profited thereby. No less than sixteen of the removed works have found their way there, some of these being of almost priceless value. Among them is to be included a Titian, "The Last Supper," which, it is stated, is among the best examples of this great master. The removal of these pictures is entirely due to the patriotism of the present Archbishop and Cardinal of Milan, who believes that a gallery is the best home for such works.



ROMANCE. J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS, Exhibited at the Royal Institute,

"A NIGHT OUT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



PINGLET (MR. GEORGE GIDDENS).



MADAME PINGLET (MRS. EDMUND PHELPS).



MATHIEU (MR. WILLIAM WYES).



MADAME PAILLARD (MISS FANNIE WARD).

"A NIGHT OUT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"A Night Out" means a pleasant evening outing to those who visit the version by an anonymous adapter of a very ingenious French farce of



MATHIEU AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

the "Pink Dominos" order. The play on its first night was greeted with prodigious laughter, though the first act somewhat hung fire, for the adventures in the Hotel Mascotte abound in vigorous humour—a

trifle French, perhaps, in flavour, but passable save by the ultra prudish. It is, in fact, not impossible that "A Night Out" and its success will turn the tide and cause a reaction in favour of the French school, which, after ruling the roast for a long time, fell into disfavour. One of the quaintest and pleasantest things in modern farce is the "awful night" of Mathieu the notary and his four flower-named, pretty daughters; while in the way of comic fascination scenes it would be hard to match the conquest of Maxime by Victorine, the wicked chambermaid. It has the advantage of being acted by the right people. Mr. George Giddens' natural gifts, aided by his long training at the Criterion, render him truly comic as the philandering husband. Mr. Wyes, one of the drollest of our broad comedians, is full of fun as the old notary with four pretty daughters, whose picture can be seen on all the hoardings. A very quaint study of youthful wickedness is given by Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, aided by the piquant maid who lures him from study of books to study of life. She was represented delightfully by Miss Pattie Browne, sauciest and daintiest of chambermaids. Clever work, somewhat out of his usual line, was done by Mr. Charles Sugden; and Miss Fannie Ward has made quite a "hit," while Mrs. Edmund Phelps, of course, is amusing. People in search of three hours or so of simple merriment can hardly do better than pay a visit to the pretty little theatre. We give below the complete cast-

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Joseph Pinglet (A Master Builder) ... Mr. George Giddens.
Paillard (An Architect) ... Mr. Charles Sugden.
Mathieu (A Notary) ... Mr. Mr. Charles Sugden.
Mathieu (A Notary) ... Mr. Mr. William Wyes.
Maxime (Paillard's Nephew) ... Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald.
Brochard (a Police Inspector) ... Mr. Joseph Carne.
Boulot | Waiters at the Hotel Mascotte | Mr. Gus Danby.
Bastien | Mr. Cairns James.
Ernest (of the Comedy Theatre) ... Mr. Herbert Peters.
Botticelli (An Italian Teacher) ... Mr. Neville Doone.
Marcelle (Paillard's Wife) ... Mrs. Fannie Ward.
Angelique (Pinglet's Wife) ... Mrs. Edmund Phelps.
Victorine (Mrs. Pinglet's Maid) ... Mrss Pattie Browne.
A Lady ... Mrss Gladys Deroy.
Hyacinthe
Violette
Mathieu's Daughters ... Miss Elleen Concanen.
Miss Elleen Concanen.
Miss Edith Henderson.
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MADAME PAILLARD AND PINGLET.



THE PINGLETS AND THE PAILLARDS.



MATHIEU'S DAUGHTERS.



MATHIEU (MR. WYES), HYACINTHE (MISS SARGENT), VIOLETTE (MISS BARRINGTON), ROSE (MISS HENDERSON), AND MARGUERITE (MISS CONCANEN).



M. MATHIEU AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

A TRIO OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

The foreign dog is a welcome guest in English kennels, and these are three of them—the Esquimaux Arctic King, the Australian dingo Myall, and the Mexican crested dog Hairy King. They belong to

Mrs. H. C. Brooke, of Bexley Heath. Arctic King is regarded by many judges as being the best foreign dog of any kind in England, although both the dingo and the Mexican have at times gained this proud position. Arctic King is extremely wolfish in appearance, and somewhat so in character. He is an imported dog, and to Mr. Sprengel, of Edinburgh, belongs the credit of discovering his latent good qualities when, a sickly and wretched puppy, he was brought to this country



ESQUIMAUX "ARCTIC KING."

on a whaler. He has won, among other prizes, the Ladies' Kennel Association premiership, three first prizes at the Agricultural Hall, also firsts at Nottingham, Edinburgh, Preston, Leicester, Brighton, Woolwich, Gravesend, Ranelagh, the Aquarium, and Crystal Palace Shows—a record which has probably never been beaten by any foreign dog.

The Australian dingo, Myall, is generally admitted to be the most



MEXICAN CRESTED DOG "HATRY KING." Photo by Pickett, Bexley Heath.

typical specimen ever seen in this country. Although an imported, wild-caught animal, he is extremely affectionate and intelligent in all his ways. He is never kennelled, but always sleeps in an armchair in the house, and he is very particular as to what he eats. He is on very friendly terms with all his mistress's cats and with most of the dogs, and if once he has been taken for a walk with a friend's dog he recognises him again at a long distance off, even though they may not have met for

months, but strange dogs he strongly objects to. Many Australians who know him say they have never before seen such a tame dingo; at the same time, it is never quite safe for strangers to trust him. not generally known that a dingo makes a most reliable and careful sheep-dog, working a flock just as well as a collie; one of his peculiarities being that he never barks under any circumstances, but collects his

sheep and drives them where they are wanted to go by gently nipping them in the heel. Myall has won first prizes at the Crystal Palace, Maidstone, Richmond, Ranelagh, and Brighton; also several second prizes, medals, and other honours.

The Mexican crested dog, called in fine irony the "Hairy King"—he being absolutely without hair except for a coarse fringe over the head forming the crest, is considered by the doggy fraternity to be a most perfect specimen of his breed. Although imported from sunny lands into this country,



WILD AUSTRALIAN DINGO "MYALL," Photo by Pickett, Bexley Heath

he stands the climate remarkably well. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and when in pursuit of a rabbit or a rat will plunge into the thorniest bush or hedge as unhesitatingly as any wire-haired terrier. He is not afraid of the biggest dog, and, as may be seen from his confident and well-pleased expression, he entertains a very good opinion of himself, which is justified by his successes on the show-bench.

GUERNSEY—PAST AND PRESENT.

Guernsey, one of the gems which glitter on the broad chest of Great Britain, has a sparkle and lustre peculiarly her own. She claims that her sons reckon among them, from peer to peasant, the true strain of the old Norman blood, and worthily does she support her boast. Many are the soldiers and sailors that she has sent forth in aid of the standard to which she bears allegiance, and many are the stories of chivalry by land and by sea that the little Southern island has got written on the pages of her history. In summer she glitters like the facets of a diamond, relieved in winter-time by the wild gales which hurl themselves on her coasts and the jagged rocks that surround her. But in summer or in winter, in fair weather or in foul, the splendid steamers that run daily backwards and forwards from Southampton and Weymouth carry out their mission. You dine in London; take train from Waterloo or Paddington, as it pleases you—the former has the longer sea-passage, the latter the longer journey by train; you pull up alongside the steamer (in both instances the baggage is safely stowed, without the worry of looking after it); you find a brilliantly lighted saloon, where animal comforts are dispensed; and so-to sleep in your berth (which it is as well to have provided for before); or you can get a private cabin for a slight extra charge.

Early the following morning, in darkness during winter, bathed in sunlight in the summer-time, you find yourself in the harbour of Port St. Pierre, while the trusty packet is being "made fast" to the wharf. Look round before you and! The picturesque old town climbs the hill before you, with many a steeple and the tower of Queen Elizabeth's College, grouping out until it weakers the countries whereast in the content of the before you, with many a steeple and the tower of Queen Elizabeth's College cropping out until it reaches the summit, whereon is the monument to commemorate Queen Victoria's visit to the island many a year ago. To the right is Castle Carey peeping out from among the trees; on the left, a bluff headland rises, clothed, in spring and summertime, with the thickest and most brilliant yellow gorse. There are Fort George and Belvedere, where the imperial soldiers, infantry and artillery, are quartered, and there also is the plateau whereon is held the Queen's Birthday Parade, a gala-day for the island, since all Guernsey's "chivalry," in the shape of her militia, parade side by side with their brethren in arms of the "regular" army, and salute her Majesty. The Channel Islands are the only portions of the Queen's dominions in which enlistment is compulsory, every male resident of the islands, after reaching the age of fifteen, being duly enrolled in the militia. The result is that both in Guernsey and Jersey there are three smart regiments of infantry and a brigade, of artillery. Good marksmen, too, regiments of infantry and a brigade, of artillery. Good marksmen, too, are these keen-sighted islanders, and quite capable of giving a good account of themselves, as they have proved at Wimbledon and Bisley. Away to the left, under the base of the hill, the road serpentines to the baths, and beautiful sea swimming-baths they are too for both sexes. See, in the haze of the morning, Jersey, and then beautiful Sark, paradise of artists; and nearer still the little island of Herm, and, dimly looming, artists; and nearer still the little island of Herm, and, dimly looming, Alderney. The castle, with its old fortifications and signal-station, stands bluffly out at the end of the long jetty which now connects it with the island. In old times the rock on which the fort is built was itself an island, and ships sailed to and fro between it and the parent isle, as may be seen in the quaint old prints. The fort, too, has seen good service, and desperate was the defence and unsuccessful the besiegement of it when the Royalists held it in the days of King Charles. But now the energy and progress of the islanders have bridged over the Channel that lay between. A sailing-pond for model yachts was made in 1887, and it is much patronised by the inhabitants.

Come on; the gangway is down; let us land! Here is the baggage all right. Call one of those quaint-looking traps. What are they? Why, bath-chairs on four wheels, called "chairs" locally, and very comfortable they are, too. Drive on to John Gardner's, up the hill. His hotel was formerly the residence of the island Governors. is a lovely view from the garden. After breakfast let us go out and have a look at it. See, there are the two packets for England just steaming into the harbour round the lighthouse to the wharf we lately left (our boat has gone on to Jersey). What a crowd! They'll be in time for dinner in town. Look through your glasses and see the piles of baskets being shipped. They contain fruit, flowers, and vegetables for Covent Garden Market. Let us stroll down to the market-place here. Everybody does his own marketing, ladies and all, and the little quaint old street leading to the stately new market-building is a general rendezvous. might pick up some curios-old silver, prints, or china-in some of the little shops in the back streets.

After lunch let us go for a drive or ride across the island. We must join the golf club while we are here. Ah! here is the market-place—a slightly different building this to the old market-place of a hundred years ago, which you see on the opposite page. There goes a Guernsey militiaman! He is dressed exactly the same as an English soldier, although the militia laws are different in the Change Islands to those in England. Compare him with the militia in the old picture. Note, both in the new picture and the old, the prevalence of the good old names—Le Marchant, Saumarez, Carey, De Jersey, Brock, and many others, of Norman origin. By-the-byc, there on our left is the public library; you saw it in the picture of the modern market-place. Come along into the market. What do you think of that for a show of flowers and fruit and fish of all sorts? Let us go across the road and have some baskets of flowers made up. They sond them have by to more markets. baskets of flowers made up. They send them home by to-morrow morning's steamer, and it does them good across the water to see them. Tired? Well, the cobbles do make your feet ache a bit at first. Let us climb up the steps, have lunch, and then do our drive. A dog-cart has G. E. G. been ordered.



Laurens Gallienne.

Sir John Doyle.

Rev. M. Martineau.

GUERNSEY MARKET-PLACE: YESTERDAY.



Rev. W. Campbell Penney.

Sir E. Gascolgne Bulwer. Sir-Edgar-MacCulloch.

General T. Carey. Captain Carey. Receiver-General.

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS AS CYCLIST.

Photographs by C. F. Bowden, Lordship Lane, S.E.

August 6.—This day to Battersea, to the park there, where saw a great number of remarkable fine women engaged in the new pastime, which struck me as being extremely healthful and one that I should have



A CONSTANT SUCCESSION OF RIDERS DARTING ROUND AND ROUND.

dearly liked to try. There was a constant succession of riders darting round and round on their machines, and much gay colour. Would have stayed all day but my wife, who accompanied me, not enjoying the spectacle, we drunk each a dish of tea, 6d., and eat some very fair cheesecakes, 4d., and so home.

August 7.—My wife sick to-day, so went abroad alone to take the air. Back to Battersea, where more women than ever and some men. Much diverted with the skill of one very fine young woman, whom I watched through my perspective glass a good hour up and down the park. Then a mishap. As she passed by me at a good pace an awkward oaf who

a misnap. As she passed by me at a good pace an awkward oaf who could not ride brought up against the wheels and threw my young woman to the ground with some violence. Ran forward and picked her up; she not hurt, but only a little shaken, and more concerned about her clothes, which I thought mighty pretty, than about herself. Would have dealt with the rascal who caused the trouble, only he had made off in the confusion. Then to the pavilion, where gave my companion a cordial, 1s., and myself drunk some ale, 4½d.; then called coach, and, putting her inside it and her machine, a little damaged, on the top, bade the man drive to Hyde Park, where my pretty mistress said she lived. At parting, she bid me come to the Park again next day, which I am resolved to do without fail if my wife is still abed. Coach, 2s. 6d.

abed. Coach, 2s. 6d.

August 8.—My wife so far recovered as to be able to go, at my suggestion, into the country for change of air, meaning to stay a fortnight. Feeling solitary after she had gone, walked to Westminster, and thence by boat to Battersea, where shortly came up with the young woman whom I had assisted yesterday. She, very cordial and agreeable in her manners, said she was no worse of her mishap, and the machine

was soon mended. Her conversation very lively and intelligent, and such that I enjoyed hugely; found that she was well read in the tongues and in the sciences, and could converse very wittily concerning the affairs of the State, but thought my lord of Salisbury not quite so great a personage as Mr. Balfour, whom she chiefly admired for following her favourite pastime. Back to town by public conveyance, she riding alongside as we went. I sat on the knife-board and conversed with the coachman regarding the neatness and dexterity of my new friend. Coachman disposed to be insolent, so did not give him anything to drink as I had intended. Alighted at Piccadilly, where we went together into an eating-house—a fine place, with a high, white front, and everything done there in very good style. Then home to my solitary abode. Paid—Salmon and cucumber, 5s.; salad, 1s.; Bordeaux, 4s.; coffee, 8d.; waiter, 6d.; public conveyance, 2d.; boat, 1d.

August 10.—To Battersea betimes this morning, in fulfilment of promise made yesterday. Did not breakfast before setting out, there being admirable accommodation at the Park, and a chance of pleasant company. Do not miss my wife so much as on former occasions, and am

August 10.—To Battersea betimes this morning, in fulfilment of promise made yesterday. Did not breakfast before setting out, there being admirable accommodation at the Park, and a chance of pleasant company. Do not miss my wife so much as on former occasions, and am in hopes she will take full benefit of her visit, and not be driven back to town by bad weather; but it is now clear and settled, and therefore little to apprehend. At breakfast a curious dispute with Atalanta—that is her name—who objected to my settling the reckoning, saying that women ought not to be chargeable to men unless their husbands in these matters. Admired her spirit, but paid the bill, having got the best of the argument. Told Atalanta that, had I been twenty years younger or a bachelor or widower, she would have had me at her feet, at which she looked by no means ill pleased, but said that I was a base flatterer. Hired at her request a steady machine of three wheels, suitable to my years and easily propelled, on which I kept her company till noon. More and more delighted with her society and talk, and found that she is also well instructed in good housewifery and can make a pie as well as she can ride on two wheels and talk politicks. For all her spirit she can blush as modestly as any milkmaid—and, indeed, more modestly than some I know. Her independent way with men, which some would call impudence, springs, I take it, from pure innocence. She told me that nothing pleased her better than to shock Mrs. Grundy, who is, I suppose, some elderly relative of hers; but this is mere harmless mischief. Home by coach. Paid—breakfast, 5s.; hire of machine, 3s. 6d.; coach, 2s. 6d.

nothing pleased her better than to shock Mrs. Grundy, who is, I suppose, some elderly relative of hers; but this is mere harmless mischief. Home by coach. Paid—breakfast, 5s.; hire of machine, 3s. 6d.; coach, 2s. 6d. August 11.—This morning to quiet ground near Whitehall, where hired a lad to teach me ride the two wheels, intending to surprise Atalanta when perfect. Had some bad falls and contusions, and left eye badly blacked, so could not accompany her to the play, as had promised this evening, but sat at home very dull, and cast up accounts. Hire of machine for an hour, 2s. 6d.; lad's fee, 2s. 6d.; surgeon, 10s. 6d.

August 12.—Letter from Atalanta, who is grieved that I am ill, and desires to visit me, saying she may do so without reproach, as she is a qualified practitioner in medicine. Had scarcely read her letter when she up to the door in a mighty smart coach and greys, with men in livery, and silver mounts to the harness. She would be in to see me, though my eye made me but a sorry figure for ladies' company, and condoled with me, so that I clean forgot my discomfort. Also she would prescribe me a wash for my eye, sending her footman to the apothecary's at the corner to fetch it, and just in the act of applying it, when up comes another coach and my wife in it, back unexpectedly from the country, and very vigorous. . . New bonnets to my wife £8 17s. 6d.



A SPIN IN THE PARK.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



LADY (handing bread-and-butter): No, what?

Boy: No blooming fear when there's so much cake about.



EMINENT PHOTOGRAPHER (to young Landseer de Jones, who is studying animals hard): Say, youngster, I don't know if you're doing those drawings for publication, but if so, I have to inform you I've photographed that animal in two thousand five hundred positions, so you'd better be careful not to infringe my copyright.



THEY HAVE JUST BEEN INTRODUCED.

HE: Do you speak English?
SHE: Non, Monsieur; parlez-vous Français?
HE: Not a word.



HE: Don't you think it's rather like Rembrandt?

She: I don't know—I haven't met him. It's not like my husband.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE COURTSHIPS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH." *

Suppose this book a novel—and it has the interest of a novel—what would be thought of its heroine? Becky Sharp, beside her, would pale her ineffectual fire, for Becky, by comparison with the Virgin Queen, was guileless, scrupulous, straightforward, and trustworthy. Elizabeth, in truth, was an incongruous compound of some of the most despicable weaknesses of a woman, with much virile strength of mind and will; and she used all the weapons of weakness—perjury, treachery, and dissimulation—to further alike small feminine intrigues of vanity and boldly conceived schemes of imperial policy. In the service of both she played every marriageable prince in Europe, as a fisherman plays his prey, but her Judas-like mode of decoying and betraying them



MR. MARTIN A. S. HUME.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

would disgrace an abandoned woman of the street. "She then broke into strong language, and called curses down upon her own head if she did not instantly marry the Prince after his brother, the King of France, had granted her demands. Calling Cecil to witness her words, she renewed her vows, swearing like a trooper, until, as the French Ambassador said, his blood ran cold, and Cecil himself whispered to Lady Stafford that if the Queen did not fulfil her word this time God would surely send her to hell for such blasphemy." All to prevent the King from joining a coalition against her, and to keep his brother from making terms with Parma; and the same messenger which took this brother, her affianced husband, a letter adjuring him to retire from the Netherlands for his safety's sake—really to relieve herself of the expense of subsidising him—took another letter instructing Orange to keep the Prince at all risks and costs where he was. She danced with joy at the Prince's departure from London, yet she accompanied him as far as Canterbury, "weeping copiously all the way," and cast herself at parting into his arms, adjuring him not to go if there were the least danger awaiting him at Antwerp. Indeed, she rather overdid her hypocrisy towards him and towards her people during his stay with her. As he was a Catholic, she professed herself a Catholic at heart; yet when her Protestant subjects growled at the Prince being permitted to hear Mass daily, she reassured them by having the Jesuit priests, Campion, Sherwin, and Briant, executed at Tyburn "under circumstances of the most heartrending cruelty." All this, it may be said, was in the interests of the State, which seem to justify any serviceable iniquity; but, in the first place, no autocrat could hold the creed "L'état c'est moi" more

exclusively than Elizabeth; and, in the second place, she was as unscrupulously tricky and treacherous in the mere service of her silly and insatiable vanity. There was no falsehood to which she would not stoop to secure a proposal, and, if possible, a proposal in person, from every marriageable Prince in Europe, only in order that she might parade these conquests of her irresistible charms. It is really astonishing how a woman of her mental power and penetration should either care for or credit the compliments she extorted. Melvil, Mary Queen of Scots' envoy, thus describes Elizabeth's dogged attempts to extort compliments from him: "She dressed herself in every possible style for my delectation, showedoff her dancing, her music (with a fair amount of coyness), her knowledge of languages. Her hair," he says, "was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know whether my Queen's hair or hers was the best." He rather fenced so delicate a question, but the Queen insisted upon an answer, and was told that "She was the fairest queen in England and mine the fairest queen in Scotland." But still she was not satisfied, and, after much pressure, Melvil was fain to answer that "She was the whiter of the two, but that Mary was very lovely." Similarly she puts on the rack to extort compliments one of her royal suitors' ambassadors, winding up with the anxious question "whether anyone had spoken to his master about her foot, her arm, and other things she did not mention." Whether the Virgin Queen deserves to be classed with Catherine of Russia and Margaret of Navarre is a doubtful and delicate question; but Mr. Hume, to whom we owe this engrossing history of the various negotiations for her marriage, cannot, with all the goodwill in the world, put an innocent construction upon the Simier correspondence. "It is almost impossible to read these letters and believe in the innocence of the Queen's relations with Simier."

DAUDET'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Under the title "Recollections of a Literary Man" (J. M. Dent and Co.), Miss Laura Ensor has performed the difficult task of translating Alphonse Daudet's "Trente Ans de Paris." The author of "Le Petit Chose," "Jack," "Tartarin," and "L'Immortel" has many methods and as many moods. In this one slender volume they are all to be found, for the recollection of the curious experiences which befell him when he arrived, a starving lad of genius, to find fame and fortune in Paris, has inspired him with many exquisite word-pictures of a world, Bohemian, inspired him with many exquisite word-pictures of a world, Bohemian, political, and literary, already passing away in Republican France. Again and again his mind, his pen, revert to the later days of the Third Empire. Of considerable historical value is his brief account of Emile Ollivier, the man who made, as much as it lay in any Frenchman's power to do so, the Franco-Prussian War. Another and worthier personality of that day, Gambetta, is also described by his Provençal compactivity with singular power and boassichtedness. personality of that day, Gambetta, is also described by his Provençal compatriot with singular power and keensightedness. M. Daudet denics absolutely that he utilised the striking figure of the great tribune when writing "Numa Roumestan," for under the general title, "The Story of my Books," he tells of the gradual evolution of both "Numa" and "Les Rois en Exil." From these few pages, for M. Daudet shows no desire to linger over his own work, we learn something of the writer's system. Like Zola, he is, to a certain extent, a man of note-books, but, as is unconsciously proved in each and all of his stories. M. Daudet is a realist only in the deeper and and all of his stories, M. Daudet is a realist only in the deeper and more elusive sense of the much-abused word, and each of his slightest more elusive sense of the much-abused word, and each of his slightest characters is fancy-bred and in no wise a portrait, still less a reproduction of any one human being whose foibles or picturesque turns of language have been duly noted down in the day's diary. Of special interest is the chapter devoted to the description of a reading in the historic "grenier" of Edmond de Goncourt. It must have been early in the long friendship which united the two great French writers, for of those who are mentioned as having been present M. Daudet and M. Zola alone remain. Those who would read a wholly sympathetic and yet literary appreciation of the brothers de Goncourt will find it in these pages, first written in 1877 for a Russian paper, for M. Daudet till comparatively lately still did a certain amount of literary journalism. Interspersed with vivid reminiscences of the notable men and women met with in his youth are a number of delightfully irrelevant essays and travel papers. Many a Parisian father must have echoed the reflections with which M. Daudet garnishes his plaint anent *Nou-nou*, a domestic tyrant happily absent from English nurseries. In "An Escape," absolutely written during the Commune, dread war seems to come very near to the reader. The subject, those dreadful months of the Franco-Prussian War and later weeks of anarchy, seems to possess a fascination for the writer; he comes back to it again and again. The book, which is exquisitely illustrated by Myrbach, Rossi, Bieler, and Montégut, is well translated—no easy task, considering M. Daudet's picturesque choice of words and individual style. Miss Ensor should, however, have known that éditeur is the French for "publisher." She makes M. Daudet write of the "editors" Lemerre and Charpentier. It is, perhaps, a small point, but the mistranslation of such a common word might make the cursory reader mistranslation of such a common word might make the cursory reader suspicious of her skill as an interpreter.

^{* &}quot;The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," By Martin A. S. Hume. London: T. Fisher Unwin,



MISS MAUD FOSS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

NOVEL IN NUTSHELL. Α

THE DRAMA COMMENCES.

BY G. CANNINGE.

THE CELL OF A PRISONER AWAITING HIS TRIAL FOR MURDER.

"And if the verdict should go against me, Rose?"

"But it can't, Arthur!

"Yet circumstances would seem to point to my guilt, and circumstantial evidence-

"Lies as often as it speaks the truth. Your counsel will show that it lies in your case."

"Still, should the verdict be adverse?" persisted the man.

"I refuse to believe such a miscarriage of justice possible."

"Be reasonable, darling. Look a possible contingency in the face.

Men have been convicted on circumstantial evidence before now, and will be again, even though their innocence has afterwards been made will be again, even though their innocence has afterwards been made manifest. Witnesses may lie—I have more than one enemy in the world. Or they may misstate unconsciously, and their misstatements may just turn the scale against me."

"But you are innocent, dear; and the Judge who tries the case will know—must know—that you are, and will so direct the jury. You must regard an adverse verdict as beyond the pale of possibility!"

"I want you to be prepared, Rose. In the affairs of men all things are possible, and if the jury should say I am guilty——"

"Arthur, love, it would not alter my feelings towards you! I would still think—know—that you are innocent. Nay, if I knew you had committed the murder, I should still love you as fervently as I do now!"

A COURT-HOUSE IN A COUNTRY TOWN: A JUDGE SUMMING UP.

. . . The history of the case, then, gentlemen, is as follows. Mr. John Conroy, an elderly gentleman, lived at a house known as The Towers, at Barminster, a small seaside resort seven miles from here. Close by him lived his nephew, Arthur Vereker, a barrister, who, like many another member of the Bar, had, in the absence of briefs, turned his attention to literature, by which means he earned a slender income. Yet, poor as Arthur was, he had somewhat large expectations from his Uncle Conroy, who, it was well known, had made his will in the young man's favour. Uncle and nephew appear to have been on friendly though not on such cordial terms as one might expect would have been the case between such near relations. One point of disagreement undoubtedly existed, and led to some estrangement between the two-namely, with respect to certain investments which the uncle contemplated making, and of which Vereker strongly disapproved. You have had Mr. Conroy's stockbroker before you, and he has shown you that, had the speculations in question been persisted in, they would have ended disastrously.

"Now, imprudent as you may consider such a step to have been in

the case of a man of means so limited as Mr. Vereker's, he had nevertheless engaged himself to be married to a young lady named Rose Manners. And it was this projected marriage which made him doubly anxious that the legacy which he had good grounds for thinking one day would be his, should remain intact, and not be squandered away in hazardous ventures. Miss Manners, as you remember, lived with an invalid father at a cottage-residence about a mile and a half from Barminster. The little house was situated some two or three hundred yards from the steep cliffs which, having their rise in the town of Barminster, ascend rapidly from there and extend several miles_along

the coast.
"On the 3rd of March last, at as near three o'clock as it has been possible to determine, Arthur Vereker and his uncle start from The Towers. The uncle is going, as is his almost daily custom, for a stretch along the cliffs, and his nephew is bent on a visit to his intended. The two men's roads, therefore, lie for a certain distance in the same direction. On their way along the cliff they are met by a farm-labourer named Williams, who has told you that, when he passed them by, at a distance of some twenty yards, Conroy and Vereker had the appearance of being engaged in some hot dispute, though, from the distance which separated him from them, he could not catch what

they were saying.
"Vereker had told Miss Manners that he hoped to call on her at about half-past three that same day. When the time of the expected visit, therefore, was drawing near, instead of waiting for her lover at her house, she went to meet him. She left the cottage at a little before the half-hour and walked to a spot on the cliffs, anticipating seeing Vereker coming towards her from the town. From where she stood (you will see the spot indicated on the sketch-map that has been prepared for you) she was able to command the whole line of cliff to Barminster. Yet, to her disappointment, she failed to see any trace of her lover. After watching for him for some minutes and still perceiving no signs of him, she concluded that he had either been detained, or had gone to her house by another route. Upon that she returned to her home, hoping to find that her intended had reached the cottage before her. As a matter of fact, she did find him

there on her arrival.
"Now, half an hour after this a gipsy named Benjamin Lee, in searching for a goat which had strayed from his encampment not far off, was startled to see the dead body of a man lying on the rocky beach below the cliff's edge. The body turned out to be that of John Conroy. And of this man's murder Arthur Vereker, the prisoner in the dock, stands accused."

Here the Judge touches more minutely on a portion of the evidence; then, taking up the thread of his charge, he proceeds—

"What caused the sudden disappearance and death of John Conroy? By your verdict you will have to answer for or against the prisoner. It is contended by the prosecution that the deceased was pushed over the What evidence is adduced in favour of this cliffs by his nephew. contention?

"It is pointed out that before Conroy's death Vereker was in needy circumstances, and that he carnestly desired money; that a climax was at last reached when it became known to him that his uncle contemplated making investments which he, the nephew, considered unsound. Vereker tried to dissuade his uncle from these speculations, and had frequent disputes with him in consequence. Without avail. the very morning of his death Conroy prepared the draft of a letter to his stockbroker instructing him to buy the shares the purchase of which Vereker deemed so detrimental to his interests. Vexed, annoyed, harried, it is contended, he sets out on his walk with his uncle. When last seen together they are in hot dispute. One word leads to another till at least together they are in hot dispute. One word leads to another, till at last a sudden impulse, it is supposed, seizes the young man. One push will put him in possession of the money he so badly needs, and, yielding to the Tempter at his elbow, the dreadful crime is committed. Directly after the murder he starts off by the short route inland to Miss Manners house, and reaches it about 3.35.

"For the defence, on the other hand, it is urged that Mr. Conroy's death was the result of pure accident. When Vereker left his uncle—the prisoner's counsel says—the old man walked on till he reached a point on the cliff where some clumps of a somewhat rare herb, indigenous to that part of the coast, were known to grow. Stooping to pluck one of these, which his known love of botany would lead him to prize, and some of the very leaves of which were, indeed, found in the pocket of the dead man, it is urged that he lost his balance, became giddy, or that a sudden gust—it has been given in evidence that the wind was high on the 3rd of March—drove him over the edge. When Miss Manners from her eminence, therefore, scanned the line of cliff and saw neither uncle nor nephew, Mr. Conroy had but a moment before disappeared from view over the precipitous wall of rock."

The Judge here enters at great length into a critical analysis of the entire evidence. After which he resumes

"Gentlemen, I have placed the facts before you so far as we have been able to ascertain them. I have also recalled to your mind the hypotheses deduced therefrom, both from the point of view of the prosecution and that of the defence; and I have endeavoured to guide you so far as I justly may to a right finding. The evidence in this case is in the main circumstantial; but let me warn you that it is no whit the less weighty on that account if the links composing it be but durable and perfect. Having heard the depositions of the various witnesses for the Crown, does that evidence in your mind clearly establish the guilt of the accused? If you have no reasonable doubt that the prisoner at the bar is the man who committed the murder of which he stands charged, it is your duty, irrespective of the feelings of which he stands charged, it is your duty, irrespective of the reelings of others, to find a verdict of guilty. If, on the contrary, in your opinion, the circumstantial chain should in any one particular be faulty, should the hand of guilt not point with sufficiently convincing directness towards the prisoner, then it is equally a duty you owe to him to return a verdict of acquittal. In a word, should any doubt—any reasonable doubt—assail your minds, bear in mind that the accused is conticled to the homefit of that doubt entitled to the benefit of that doubt.

"Gentlemen, I leave the ultimate finding in your hands, well knowing that you will act in this grave, this momentous question as good citizens, as God-fearing men, and that you will return only such verdict as will commend itself to your one true guide—your conscience."

EXTRACT FROM THE "BARMINSTER GAZETTE."

"The jury retired at a quarter past four, and at five o'clock returned into Court. In answer to the question put by the Clerk of Arraigns, the foreman replied that they had arrived at their verdict, and that it was a unanimous one.

"'What, then, is your verdict, gentlemen?' again demanded the

Clerk.
"' We find the prisoner Not Guilty.'

"At this point a young lady, who had been sitting in a corner of the gallery, and who was recognised by some as the *fiancée* of Arthur Vereker, uttered a stifled cry and fell back in a swoon. The prisoner, on his side, heard the verdict unmoved, and remained staring blankly before him after it had been pronounced, till a warder touched him on the shoulder and intimated to him that he was free. He then roused himself and stepped out of the dock, his eyes at once turning in the direction of that corner of the gallery where his glances had so often wandered during the progress of the trial.

"Thus ended, in an acquittal of the prisoner, a trial which has created a profound sensation in the neighbourhood, and which has been known for the last few weeks by the name of the Barminster Mystery."

A PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM IN A HOTEL IN NORTH WALES.

"Tired, Rose?"

"No, dear."

"You ought to be-all you have passed through."

"Not more than you have, Arthur. Not half so much. To be tried for your life. To know that you are innocent; and yet to be tried. To undergo the hideous, sickening feeling that at the very last the jurymen might blunder. I pretended to scout such ideas before the

trial. Yet I felt them all the same. But now it has ended in the way it should, now that you have been publicly pronounced innocent—why, I can almost laugh at the whole matter."

"What, laugh when-

"Ah, no! I forgot the poor dead man. But great joy makes one selfish. I meant, if the affair were not so serious, I could feel it in my heart to laugh that you of all people-you, the studious, sober, scholarly Arthur-should be the person accused. As well accuse Sir Isaac Newton of theft, Wilberforce of arson, or Dr. Johnson of throat-cutting!"

Rose, who had been standing in front of Arthur, laughed loudly at the incongruous images her words conjured up, then became grave again almost in an instant.

"Come and sit on this low stool close beside me," Arthur said. "We can talk better so." Rose did as desired. "Quite—quite happy?"

"Is there a wife in all

this world as happy?"
After which Rose continued, with a smile, "We didn't lose much time in getting married, did we?"

"Can you wonder? was impatient-very impatient—to call you my wife. I had waited long for that day, and longed for its coming."

"My darling!"
"And I will be a good husband to you," Arthur went on, very carnestly. "You, and you only, shall always be my love. All that you want, all that I can give

want, all that I can give
you—and we are rich
now, and have left
carking care behind us—that will I give you. And you will always
love me—always as much as you do now?"

"Always—always," she replied. Then, more fervently still, and
speaking with a nervous force, "I love you the more for what you have
gone through. As I sat cowering in the Court-House hour after hour,
I wanted again and again to cry out to judge and jury, 'Stop! look
into the prisoner's eyes as I do, and there you will see his inrocence
written! What need to try him? Look into his eyes, then say if you
think he can be guilty! You must know that he is innocent—that
he is incapable——'" he is incapable-

"Rose! Rose! you are flushed—feverish. Calm yourself, child. Come, Rose!" Arthur caressingly smoothed her hair, and the wild, startled look in her face and the crimson glow in her cheek subsided.

Then they were silent again for some minutes.

After a little while the wife rose, walked to the French windows, pushed back the blind, and looked out across the hills. Arthur also rose, crossed over to the mantelpiece, looked at his wife for a moment, took

up a pipe, half filled it, then put it down again. Rose, who had seen him do this, said-

"If you want to smoke, dear, do not mind me."

"No, no, dear. I don't want to smoke. I took up the pipe out of pure habit."

Another pause. "Arthur?"

" Yes."

"Do you know, I think there is one thing I ought to tell you now that we are married."

"Very well, darling. What is it? No; let me guess."

"Sit down on that chair again, then, and let me sit on your knee. So.

Put your arms round me as mine are around you." Presently Rose goes

on, in a low, cooing voice, "I wonder if it would be possible ever

would be possible ever to be as happy again?"
"Why not, Rose?
Why not?"
"Of one thing I'm certain. People in heaven never could be so happy. There would be a serenity about them that would make them 'superior' kind of people. And the 'superior person' is too egotistical to be completely happy."

"This is quite happiness enough for me, Rose. I couldn't be happier even in heaven!"

After a moment or so

Rose asks—
"But have you forgotten what this thing was I wanted to tell you?"

"I had for the minute.

What was it?"
"You said you would guess."

"Well, what am I to guess? That you were in love with someone else, perhaps, before you

met me?"
"I never was in love
till I saw you."

"That you are deeply in debt?"

"I don't owe a shilling, Arthur."

"That you are inordinately fond of dress?"
"My ambition has

never soared higher than a serge frock and a black silk gown."
"Then what is it?"

"Arthur, tell me again that you love me.

Just once again."

"I love you, Rose; I love you!"

"Now put your ear close to my lips."

"There. I'm listening, dear."
"Can you hear me if I whisper?"
"Yes."

Rose takes a long breath, and hesitates. Then she tells him-

It was I who committed the murder. Then she continues quickly, breathlessly, with hurried, fierce

"He was alone on the cliff—you had just left him—he was bending over a little plant—at the cliff's very edge. I knew how you were harried, and—I did it—I did it! My brain was aflame then—it is aflame now! Don't let me faint! Why do you fix your eyes upon me so sternly? Speak, man, speak—to your wife! I can't see your face—only an outline—a mist is rising—push it back, Arthur—push it back—don't let it come between us—Arthur—I——!" don't let it come between us-Arthur-I-

The Sketch will be on sale in the United States at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS. Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

DION BOUCICAULT THE YOUNGER.

After exactly eleven years' constant playing and management in Australia, an actor-manager bearing the honoured name of Dion Boucicault has just returned to London. The eldest son of the world-famous actorauthor, Mr. Boucicault has come to England once more to take what is sure to be a prominent place in the profession for the honour of which he has worked so hard in Australia during the past decade. Whether as actor, stage-manager, or dramatic tutor, Mr. Boucieault has for long been easily at the head of those who are working so carnestly in the drama's interests in the Colonies, and the only satisfaction to be derived from the severance of such an estimable connection is that Australia's loss will be most distinctly England's gain. An artist above everything else, Mr. Boucicault has touched no play during his long stay in Australia



MR. DION BOUCICAULT. Photo by H. W. Barnett, Falk Studios, Sydney.

but to adorn it and to do its author the fullest justice. To Mr. Robert Brough and himself, as members of the well-known Brough-Boucieault combination, is due entirely Australia's acquaintance with the higher class, and particularly the latter-day drama—the drama of the Pinero-Jones-Grundy school. The best plays of these dramatists have been presented in a manner that would have done credit to any theatre in the world, and it is no detriment to Mr. Brough to say that the excellence of these production was almost entirely due to the care and the unremitting attention to detail bestowed on them by Mr. Boucicault in his capacity as stage-manager, to say nothing of the invaluable assistance he has rendered in the way of acting. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether rendered in the way of acting. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether Mr. Boucicault succeeds best as stage-manager or actor, but it is safe to say that no production could be absolutely bad with his name attached to it in either capacity. To mention that in a decade the company with which he has been associated has produced over a hundred plays the best plays the English dramatists had to offer-and that he has played an important part in almost every one, either as stage-manager or actor, is to give a slight indication of the enormous amount of work he has gone through in Australia.

In view of his recent arrival in London something of the career of this admirable actor-manager may be of interest. Born on May 23, 1859, in New York, from parents partly Irish and partly French, Mr. Boucicault spent much of his youth in Paris and was rearred in a home in which both French and English were spoken. Hence his peculiar fitness for hitting off the idiosynerasies of Frenchmen on the stage, as he did to a supreme degree as Count Grival in "The Amazons." Mr. Boucicault had for his first tutor the Rev. Charles Carlos Clarke, known as "the Sporting Parson," and a writer of forgotten novels. He was schooled for some years in London, and at the age of fifteen played in an amateur production at St. George's Hall, of one of Molière's comedies, following this up by a juvenile rendering of Hamlet. The elder Boucieault, however, tried to curb his son's stage ambitions, and with that object sent him to a military college, where he passed the necessary examinations qualifying him for the army. While training with the Royal London Militia—now known as the Fourth Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers—the hereditary instinct got control of him, and, much against his father's wish, he went on the stage.

His first appearance was made in 1880 at Booth's Theatre, New

His first appearance was made in 1880 at Booth's Theatre, New York, where, under his father's management, he played the Dauphin in "Louis XI." This was followed by a rest of some months, and then he joined Laurence Barrett, playing a Shaksperian répertoire. On more than one occasion he played the four characters of Osric, Guildenstern, Francisco, and the Priest, in "Hamlet," in one night. Next he went to the Court Theatre, London, and put in a year with John Clayton, playing in such pieces as "The Parvenu," "Comrades," and "The Manager," while at this time he produced two pieces of his own devising—one a

curtain-raiser called "My Little Girl," adapted from the Besant-Rice novel of the same name, and the other a four-act romantic drama, named "Devotion." At this time Mr. Boucicault had for company such well-known players as Arthur Cecil, Marion Terry, Henry Kemble, John Clayton, Charles Coghlan, Carlotta Addison, Forbes-Robertson, Lottie Venne, and others. His next engagement was with Messrs. Hare and Kendal's company at the St. James's Theatre, London, where he played in "A Scrap of Paper." This was his last appearance in England, as he rejoined his father in A mais and played lead in "The Grandberr." rejoined his father in America and played lead in "The Omadhaun," written specially for him by the elder Dion, at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Then he acted as manager of his father's company on a twelvemonth's tour through America, and played in "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Shaughraun," and other pieces with which the name of Boucicault is associated. In June 1885 he made his last appearance at San Francisco, and then took ship to Australia with his fether's company, under engagement to Moscos, Williamson, Gowers, and father's company, under engagement to Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and It was his original intention to stay only three months in the Musgrove. Colonies, but, as in the case of many other players visiting Australia, he was tempted to prolong his sojourn in the Sunny South until it extended to eleven years. After his father had finished his "starring" tour of the various Colonies, the younger Boucicault and his sister Nina were prevailed on to stay behind for a further six months, the former undertaking to produce a series of comedies at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, for which a special company had been sent out from London. In that company were Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. G. S. Titheradge, Miss Jenny Watt-Tanner, and others who were destined to be afterwards closely connected with Mr. Boucicault in theatrical matters. Here it was that he first met Mr. Brough, and at the conclusion of the season they arranged to go into partnership as the Brough-Boucicault Company, and from October 1886 until June 20, 1896, this combination remained intact, only broken at the end by the desire of Mr. Boucicault to seek a

change and a reputation in other and wider arenas of theatrical activity.

Mr. Boucicault's characters cover a very wide range—from the precocious youth of "The Magistrate" to the old and witty Duke of St. Olpherts of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; from the mercurial St. Olpherts of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; from the mercurial Grival of "The Amazons" to the sedate and elderly Earl in "An Ideal Husband"; from the dreamy, hen-pecked Pybus of "The Case of Rebellious Susan" to the melodramatic Jean Torquenic of "The Village Priest"; from the boyish aristocrat of "Thoroughbred" to the meddlesome and ridiculous country lawyer of "Aunt Jack"; and from the dapper Cayley Drummle of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to the implacably officious Gretch of "Fédora." These are only a few of the

many diverse characters impersonated by this clever actor.

Talking with Mr. Boucicault, one soon comes to appreciate the earnest devotion to the dramatic art which underlies all his work for the stage. His admiration for Pinero is very deep, proved by the fact that he has produced in Australia almost every play this dramatist has written. "What is the problem-play?" he asks. "I don't know what is meant by the term. All I know is that its detractors thank God it is dead. To me, a problem-play expresses the author's desire to do good, earnest work, and to get away from the frivolous class of entertainment so much in vogue just now. The problem-play draws the intelligent audience just as farcical comedy or musical comedy attracts those who wish merely to be entertained. Why should dramatists taboo social subjects? The problem-play is not dead; it is very much alive, and will remain alive while intelligent, carnest audiences look upon it with pure emotions and grasp the teaching it affords. Despite the pitching into these plays have received both in England and Australia, our production of them in the latter country has been

According to Mr. Boucicault, the most successful pieces produced in According to Mr. Boueleaut, the most successful pieces produced in Australia, from the financial point of view, during the past decade have been "Niobe," "The Amazons," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Dr. Bill," "Caste," "Dandy Dick," and "The Village Priest." Mr. Boueleault selects "Caste" as the finest all-round performance given during his management, with "Diplomacy," "Fédora," "Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Mrs. Ebbsmith" close up.

Mr. Boucicault's favourite parts on the stage are old men, and on the point of how he evolves a character he has some interesting observations to make: "The study of a new part sets me conjuring up in my mind the peculiarities and idiosynerasics of the class which the dramatist's type denotes. I am naturally a man of detail and observation. In my walks and travels, at the hotel or in society, I see a trick of the hand, a manner of walking, of speaking, of looking, which I reproduce afterwards in its appropriate type. Coming home from the theatre after the night's performance, I have heard from the shade of a building near a club the cynical laugh of the Duke of St. Olpherts. At a fashionable gathering I have caught his limp. A year after or before I have seen his eyes regarding a fashionable beauty; and from a photograph I have learnt his facial expression and much of his make-up. I have never found a type complete in one man; one has to select—here a little, there a little interest of a select of the select. there a little—just as a sculptor or painter uses one model for the hand, another for the arm, and a third for the shoulder. My goal is reached when those who know me best say, on my first entrance, 'How unlike Boueicault that is!' and then immediately forget that it is Boucicault at all.

As to what Mr. Boucicault will do now that he has come back to London, the actor himself does not know. He has many schemes in his head—one to play important parts in London, another to go into management on his own account, and a third to "star" in New York. Whatever he does will be done thoroughly. R. C. B.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXI.—" THE WESTERN GAZETTE."

The Western Gazette claims not only to be one of the oldest papers, but one of the most successful of all those published in the West of England. With a guaranteed circulation of forty-three thousand copies a-week, it



Hants. It has the advantage of being the official organ for all four counties, and is published at Yeovil on Friday morning, and distributed by some four hundred agents. The work of printing and publishing the paper gives employment to nearly a hundred hands at Yeovil, and there are upwards of three hundred and fifty correspondents, scattered circulates widely in the four counties of Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, and

and fifty correspondents scattered over the different parishes throughout the extensive district over which it circulates

Published in the first instance under the title of the Western Flying Post, and established in 1744, it has from time to time become incorporated with several papers, and finally blossomed into the Western Gazette in June 1867. It was at that time the private property of Mr. Charles Clinker, since deceased. We are not violating any professional secrets when we state that in Mr. Clinker's early days the circulation was well under five hundred a-week, Mr. Clinker being himself proprietor, editor, reporter, compositor, and machinist. That gentleman was a man of indomitable energy, for he succeeded, in the course of a few years, in raising the paper to a circulation of about thirty thousand weekly, and it became the most powerful Radical organ in the West of England in fact, the late Mr. Clinker made it his boast that he returned nine Radical members to Parliament. He was himself a powerful platform orator and a potential candidate for Parliamentary honours.

In 1886 some members of the Conservative Party in the counties above-mentioned, through Mr. Trevor-Davies, the well-known political agent, approached Mr. Clinker with a view to purchasing the Western Gazette, and, this having been successfully carried out, the copyrights of the Western Gazette and Pulman's Weekly News eventually, in 1887, became the property of the Western Gazette and Pulman's Weekly News Company.

Pulman's Weekly News Company,
Limited, with a capital of £50,000. The late Earls of Pembroke and
Radnor, the late Marquis of Bath, and the late Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P. for the Western Division of Dorset, were large shareholders in M.P. for the Western Division of Dorset, were large shareholders in the company, and did much to promote its success. Mr. Clinker did not long enjoy the fruit of his labour. His death was tragic in the extreme, for on the evening of the very day that he completed the sale of the paper in London he was found dead at the First Avenue Hotel, where he was staying. The management of the paper was from the first and is now in the hands of Mr. Trevor-Davies, who, in addition, has one of the largest practices as a solicitor in the West of England, and who has by his able management raised the circulation of the paper from about twenty-six thousand in 1887 to upwards of forty-two thousand copies weekly at the present time, and it has now the largest circulation of any weekly paper published in the South or West of circulation of any weekly paper published in the South or West of England, and is financially a commercial success, paying a dividend of

4 per cent. on its ordinary shares.

Although a political organ, it is conducted on broad and national principles. The paper has no leading articles, except when specially required, but devotes a column, under the heading of "Public Opinion," to excerpts from various newspapers of the day. These selections are judiciously made, with a view to furthering the interests of the Unionist Party. A column is also devoted weekly to crisp and un-to-date Party. A column is also devoted weekly to crisp and up-to-date paragraphs of general interest, under the heading of "Notes from All Quarters." Many gentlemen of influence and literary ability are occasional contributors to its columns. Every week during the sitting

of Parliament a special original letter is sent direct from the House of Commons by one of its members, dealing with the business transacted from day to day. The newspaper also had the advantage of receiving from the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P. for the New Forest, during his absence in South Africa, a series of interesting articles dealing with the affairs of that important Colonial possession. These articles attracted a good deal of attention throughout the country, and were freely quoted

by the London and provincial press.

It is curious, when one looks back at the early files of the paper, to notice the change of customs and manners which has occurred in this short period. In a copy published in 1748 an advertisement to the

following effect appears-

This is to give notice.

That there will be Sword and Dagger play'd at Castle Cary on Monday, the 5th day of September next, for One Guinea and Half to the best Gamester, and Half a Guinea to the second best, at the Sign of the George.

And on Tuesday, the 6th September, will be Back Sword plaid at the Phaenix, in the said town of Castle Cary, for One Guinea the best Gamester, and Half a Guinea the second best, and great encouragement will be given to all who behave like Gamesters.

There were but few country papers published in England at the time of the Western Flying Post, which in its earliest days was published at Sherborne. No other paper was published in the West or South of

England, from there to Penzance. It was then distributed by horsemessengers, and great was the excitement in all the various towns when the horsemen arrived with the Sherborne News. We reproduce a facsimile of the heading of the paper in the year 1748, showing the old woodcuts, one of which represents the distributer, on horseback, blowing his trumpet as he

goes through the villages.

In addition to the Western Gazette, the company are the proprietors of Pulman's Weekly News, a strong Conservative organ of long standing, circulating mostly in the county of Devon, and also of the two old-cstablished papers the Somerset County Herald and the Taunton Courier, both of which are published at Taunton, where the company maintain a separate staff. A word with reference to the old-established Pulman's Weekly News (published every Tuesday). The title of the paper gives the name of the founder—an Axminster gentle-man of marked literary ability, who successfully carried the paper on as a four-page threehalfpenny paper for nearly thirty years. In the hands of the present proprietors it has been enlarged to eight full-sized pages and the price dropped to one penny. It has now a lasting hold upon the agricultural and trading classes in South Somerset and the bordering county of Devon, where the name of the paper may be said to be a house-hold word.

The Western Gazette has been a remarkable success commercially, financially, and politically. It affords

a curious instance of the power of the Press when judiciously used, for whereas in 1886 there were in the four counties it covered fifteen Unionist and fifteen Radical members, there are now no less than twenty-seven Unionists and but three Radicals. A strong and influential board of directors controls the management of the company, and consists of the following—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (Chairman), the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the Earl of Ilchester, Sir Richard II. Paget, Bart., Colonel Williams, M.P., Colonel Goodden, Mr. W. M. Hammick, and Mr. J. Trevor-Davies (Managing Director). Mr. G. F. Munford is the acting editor of the Western Gazette and Pulman's Weekly News, and Mr. A. S. Macmillan is the secretary of the company. Both these gentlemen were connected with the paper in Mr. Clinker's time.

One of the customs which have come down from olden times in connection with the paper is the annual "wayzgoose," or outing, connection with the paper is the annual "wayzgoose," or outing, indulged in by the staff and workmen. Latterly this custom has prevailed in many establishments, but the Western Gazette claims to be one of the oldest papers in the West of England where the custom has been a perennial one for upwards of half a century. The word "wayzgoose" affords an etymological study. The Somerset idea is that it is a corruption of the sentence, "Away she goes," alluding to the departure of the parties in waggons in times antecedent to the railway; but others, with some reason, contend that "wayzgoose" means a "stubble goose," which ought to be the crowning dish of the feast forming part of the day's entertainment.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Now that we are approaching the end of the cricket season—the more's the pity!—I really think that, in view of the 1897 spell, serious attention should be paid to the rules of cricket. I have great respect

attention should be paid to the rules of cricket. I have great respect for these rules, just as one looks reverently on all things ancient, but from a practical point of view there is a deal to be desired.

I am constantly receiving letters on the subject. Take, for instance, Law 35. This commences, "After the ball shall have been finally settled in the wicket-keeper's or bowler's hand, it shall be 'dead.' Now here is a fine point. What constitutes "deadness"? On the face of it, the wording is so vague as to absolutely invite misunderstandings.

Let me give a case. The batsman misses a ball, which goes to the wicket-keeper. The latter, seeing the opposite batsman out of his ground, flings the ball at the wicket. He may hit the stumps, or another alternative is that the ball may be overthrown, but in any case there is bound to be unpleasantness one way or the other.

Presuming it to be generally agreed that the ball is dead in the hands of the wicket-keeper, a bad throw from the latter to the bowler which sends the ball to the boundary cannot be scored from. And yet if the ball had gone to slip and he had overthrown it in the effort to return to

ball had gone to slip and he had overthrown it in the effort to return to the bowler, runs could be scored ad libitum!

the bowler, runs could be scored ad libitum!

The rule can act even more absurdly than this. A wicket-keeper appeals for a catch, and meanwhile the batsman, under the impression that the ball is dead, goes out of his ground. The catching appeal having been disallowed, the keeper thereupon proceeds to stump the man. I am aware that the majority of umpires would not entertain such an appeal, and yet there are others who give the man out, and who argue that they are following the law. The great question is, "When is the ball dead?"

"A batsman is out leg-before-wicket if with any part of his person he stop the ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall be pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket and would have hit it." So says Law 24. What I want to know is, is the hand part of his person? If not, why not?

It is, of course, generally understood that runs may be scored from

It is, of course, generally understood that runs may be scored from the hand, and the batsman may be out off his hand. That is rational and consistent enough. It is also true that few umpires give batsmen out leg-before-wicket to balls which have struck the hand. That is also reasonable. But the fact remains that the rule is not clear on the point.

To-morrow we make a resumption, after the fervid excitement of

International battles, with the equally interesting County Championship competition. At the Oval Surrey play Kent. The "Hoppers" won the first match, and though the state of the Catford Bridge wicket was, to a large extent, responsible for this sensational result, it must also be borne

in mind that Kent of late have been performing in brilliant style.

At Lord's, on the same day, Middlesex play Lancashire, and this meeting should furnish a gallant fight. Gloucestershire and W. G. Grace, despite the record individual innings of 301, will probably find Notts too much for them; Yorkshire ought to beat Leicestershire fairly easily; Hampshire may beat Warwickshire; and the Australians will, doubtless, score profusely, as usual, at Hove against Sussex.

The Colonials play the return with Surrey at the Oval on Monday, and a very close game should be seen. Sussex should beat Lancashire at Brighton, while Yorkshire may go down at home before that strangely uncertain team Middlesex. Derbyshire will be too strong with the bat for Essex, Kent can beat Gloucestershire in the first match of the Cheltenham Week, and Warwickshire may defeat Leicestershire.

FOOTBALL:

Rather earlier than usual the Corinthians publish their fixture-eard for the ensuing season. The motive, however, is extremely sensible, since those clubs from which the Corinthians draw their men can now arrange their programmes accordingly.

A great deal of unpleasantness arose last year owing to famous amateurs deserting their clubs to play for the Corinthians, though it is only fair to state that cup-ties invariably take precedence. clear notice has been given of the dates, there should be no more unfortunate clashings.

The clubs to be met in London are St. Bernard's, Sunderland, Sheffield United, Aston Villa, Bolton Wanderers, Derby County, West Bromwich Albion, Queen's Park, and 'Sheffield Wednesday. It is to be sincerely hoped that Queen's Park afford the leading amateur English club a better game than was given last year. The Scotsmen won, but their play was not that of amateurs, to say no more.

ATHLETICS.

Conneff is over here from America, filled with a consuming desire to meet anybody and everybody on two legs. In the natural order of things International, he commences by speaking contemptuously of the amateurism of America, and has given out that, personally, he has quite

Considering that Conneff came here ostensibly to meet Bacon, it is rather puzzling that the Manchester man should avoid him, after his offer. As a matter of fact, Bacon has just signed articles with one H. Anstead for a race of four miles for one hundred pounds a-side, to take place on Saturday, Sept. 19, at a ground to be mutually agreed upon.
We are assured that there is a good time coming again for

professional athletics, but I cannot say that I have been imbued with the enthusiasm. Anything professional in the way of sport—excepting in cricket-I am at all times doubtful of, but if there are two sports more than others in which it has sunk lowest they are boxing and athletics. The history of pedestrianism tells of many dark and disgraceful deeds. If Downer, Bradley, Bacon, and Co. can help to purify the game, well and good. Of one thing we may be certain, and that is that professional athletics will never flourish without honesty.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is unnecessary to refer to the Autumn Handicaps before the weights have been apportioned. At the same time all good sportsmen are hoping Major Egerton will take care of certain animals which are supposed to have been kept for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. It is common talk that one or two horses that have not been fit for two years are to be prepared for the events under notice, but I, for one, should be glad to see them beaten by the handicapper before the start. There is a certain amount of consolation to be had from the knowledge that those supposed to be cute owners who play the waiting game have had a very bad time of it this year, for when their horses have been wound up and "sent out" they have been beaten.

The battle for winning-place on the jockeys' list is likely to be a keen one right up to the end of the season, and I am told that T. Loates was so anxious to keep his place at the head of affairs that he decided to forego the fortnight's rest which was ordered for the benefit of his eyes by the consulting physicians. The greatest credit is due to Loates, who has often this year ridden under difficulties. True, he has been fortunate in having had Mr. Rothschild's horses to ride, while Cannon was for some time at a big disadvantage, as the animals he was compelled to steer in the Kingsclere colours were dead out of form. The partisans of each jockey are very confident, and I expect Cannon and Loates will get the pick of the mounts up to the end of the season.

The National Hunt Committee have not given complete satisfaction to the several clerks of courses in the matter of dates for the coming steeplechase season. I am told the Metropolitan enclosures each lose a fixture, these being given to Cheveley. Unfortunately, nothing will induce the public to go to Newmarket to see flat-racing, and it is hardly likely they will be coaxed into undertaking the long journey to witness jumping races. On the other hand, steeplechase meetings at Sandown, Windsor, Kempton, and Hurst Park can be made to pay provided they are held in November or December. As to January, this might well be made a close month, and certainly it would be unfair to saddle fixtures on to the Metropolitan enclosures during the opening month of 1897.

The latest form of speculation on the course is double-event betting. An enterprising firm of layers has started laying against two winners being found in succession, beginning with the first and second race coupled, then the second and third, and so on. The idea has to a certain extent caught on with speculators, but I should say the book was all the time on a winner to nothing, as the rates offered are quite one-third under the odds, and if—as I presume it is—the double book is run in connection with a big single book, the merry layers could walk on velvet without much manipulation of figures. As I have many times before stated, it causes something like a sensation in the foreign betting before stated, it causes something like a sensation in the foreign betting offices if a double event is landed out of the many thousands of tries; but under the new plan now running on the course they are often brought off, because two favourites occasionally get home in succession.

A very heavy programme has been arranged for the four days of the Doncaster Meeting, which commences on Sept. 8, and the popular Clerk of the Course is determined, if possible, to show the Prince of Wales and the thousands of people who will be present some good sport. Apart from the St. Leger, which will this year be a very big dish, the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Alexandra Plate, and the Doncaster Cup should produce contests of the highest class. Three big fields will turn out for the Cleveland Handicap and the Portland Plate, while the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate, which is worth £1000, will bring out some of those two-year-olds which have been running out of their class during the last few weeks. Given fine weather, the meeting cannot be other than a big success, and I hear that arrangements are to be made by the railways and the racecourse officials for the accommodation of by the railways and the racecourse officials for the accommodation of a record crowd.

The Lingfield people are fortunate in getting a one-day meeting on Saturday, which will wind up a busy week in the Metropolitan district. I think, as far as possible, the meetings around London should follow one another, so as to save jockeys, owners, trainers, and even the poor reporters, travelling expenses. It would not require much rearranging of fixtures to bring this about. Again, horses running at Sandown early in the week, especially platers, could go on to Kempton later, and then follow on to Hurst Park. We have a Sussex Fortnight, which I must say, as a regular institution, is an unqualified success. Then, why not institute, say, half-a-dozen "London Weeks" during the year? I commend the idea to clerks of courses and others immediately interested.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 8.27; to-morrow, 8.25; Friday, 8.23; Saturday, 8.21; Sunday, 8.19; Monday, 8.17; Tuesday, 8.15.

The wheel has come as a boon and a blessing to hard-worked members of the theatrical profession, and in all parts of the world now players are discarding the horse and the engine and betaking themselves



MR. KYRLE BELLEW.

Photo by H. W. Barnett, Melbourne.

to the bicycle as the best means of getting to and from the theatre. Thus the actor, who spends weary nights and lives laborious days in playing and rehearing, is enabled to snatch ex-ercise sufficient to keep up the bodily vigour so necessary to good performances. the least enthusiastic among prominent players who cycle are Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, both of whom have been ardent cyclists for some time. They served their novitiate in America, and so devoted are they to the wheel that in their travels all over the world they are never without their "safe-ties." Mrs. Potter's machine isan American feather-weight, weighing only twenty-two

pounds, and built expressly for her by the Stearn Manufacturing Company of Syracuse. Mr. Bellew rides an equally light Spalding, also of American manufacture. During their visit to Australia both players have been indulging freely in the exercise, particularly in Melbourne, where the level roadways are the delight of the cyclist. Mrs. Potter has come to the conclusion that, for comfort, rational dress is necessary for the cycliste or cyclady, and accordingly she does not hesitate to disport the peculiar bifurcated garb of flapping amplitude shown in the picture. It was made for her by Worth, of Paris, and, being unlike most other garments of masculine cut flaunted by Australian cyclistes, its appearance in the public thoroughfares has been causing something of a sensation.

Not long ago I received an invitation to a Bicycle Gymkhana at Lady Graham's. Her charming place near Ripon is well adapted for such a pretty scene. Most unfortunately I was prevented from going, but I am told that her party was a great success, and that smart dresses and pretty women were conspicuous.

When, a few weeks ago, the Mediterranean Squadron visited the Balearie Islands, the officers of the fleet organised bicycle-races, which, no doubt, afforded a novel spectacle for the islanders. This suggests "fresh fields and pastures new" for the cyclist during the coming autumn. The islands, especially Majorca, offer great attractions in the way of scenery; the roads are fairly good, and the climate is delightful when the fierce heats of summer are over. Excellent accommodation is to be obtained at Palma de Majorca, the capital of the island, from which several most interesting excursions could be made. It can be easily reached *viâ* Barcelona or Valencia, and these islands have the advantage of not being overrun with British and American tourists.

They say that political cycling-clubs are being organised. They say that Miss Monica Harwood, the champion girl cyclist, who covered 429 miles in six days, riding four hours a-day, is barely eighteen years of age. They say that she rides a man's machine, that she has no sympathy whatsoever with the skirt in any shape or form, and that, though she was in very delicate health before she took to cycling, she now never knows what it is to be ill. They say that a German engineer has invented a harmless bomb for cyclists to fling at yapping curs, flippant urchins, and inopportune constables. They say that the bicycle bomb "explodes with a deafening report." They say that the Society for the Suppression of Rude Noises is likely to jump on this bomb. They say that New York has now a Bicycle Trilby. They say that she is greatly in demand at the studios. They say that her name is Miss May C. Dunbar. They say that she is a lovely girl with a lovely figure. They say that she is called the "laughing model." They say that Sir George Newnes' new weekly cycling penny paper, the Hub, is likely to make a big hit. They say that it contains cycling news interesting, useful, and amusing. And it does!

Now that the days are steadily becoming shorter, let me draw the attention of cyclists to a capital lamp, called the "Twentieth Century Headlight." It is cleverly constructed, built on the "search-light"

principle, and supplied by Messrs. Vigor, of "Columbia" bicycle notoricty, also of Baker Street. I understand that the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who rides a "Columbia," is about to have one of these lamps fitted to his machine. The "Twentieth Century Headlight" will burn ordinary kerosene.

What do you think of a "quindicuplet," or fifteen-man wheel? Such a machine is being made in New York. It will be geared up to 168—that is to say, more than twice as high as the ordinary tandem is geared, and each revolution of the pedals will propel the "quindicuplet" some hundred and sixty-eight feet. The chains will be similar to those fitted to bicycles, but the tyres are to be three inches in diameter and made of rubber one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Tangent spokes have been adopted. Each spoke will be one-eighth of an inch in diameter; also each saddle is to have a lower bracket. Depend upon it, that fifteenth man will take life easily—and quite right too. With reference to the "quindicuplet," a transatlantic contemporary characteristically remarks, "Then will old Jabez lean on his hoe, and watch this establishment whirling down the country road with his eyes bulging out like horse-chestnuts."

From Australia, "the land of Angel girls," as a famous novelist has it, comes an account of the new thing in wheeling—namely, the Musical Ride. My informant says that "ball-room bicycling" was introduced at Government House last month, when Lord and Lady Brassey gave their first ball of the season. Everybody enjoyed the new form of amusement immensely. It was an adaptation of the Musical Ride of the Household Brigade or the Scots Greys, and "it promises to be the beginning of a social evolution" out there. Among the names of persons who took part in the Musical Ride may be mentioned that of his Excellency the Governor, that of the Earl of Shaftesbury, of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, of Commander Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Charles Ryan, Dr. Noyes, Dr. and Mrs. Macmullen, Captain and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Miss Clapp, Mrs. Malcolm, Miss Butler, and Mr. Stennel. Once more must poor Mrs. Grundy's feelings have been severely punctured.

Here is a new theory. A very clever physician tells me that he disapproves of cycling "because it gives insufficient exercise." He declares that we obtain far more exercise when we walk, that, if cycling is to do us any good, we should ride an old-fashioned machine "that needs hard work to make it go along." But perhaps he is the gentleman who acquired a reputation for "original views" by the simple plan of waiting until everybody had expressed an opinion and by then differing from everybody. It would be cruel to wonder whether so sage an adviser had ever visited the famous training institute that we have heard so much about lately, where, so I am told, the machines are geared up to 100 or more, and ball-bearings dispensed with, though handle-bars and lever-chains and clinchers are allowed.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Photo by H. W. Earnett, Me.bourne,

LADIES' PAGES. OUR

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Fashion, for once following in the wake of everybody else, is taking a much-needed rest. Nothing new evolves itself even from the much-harried brain of the Paris dressmaker, and in composing new effects for foreign watering-place or country-house allurements the last efforts of fatigued inspiration seem to have spent themselves. What autumn fashions will bring forth one does not at the present moment trouble to



A JAUNTY FROCK FOR COUNTRY HOUSE VISITS.

inquire. Sufficient for the day the frivolity thereof. I have heard, indeed, a horrid rumour of turbans for winter headgear, but hope the sartorial deities will mercifully avert such a visitation. One has to be so absolutely and indubitably pretty for the turban, and such a small percentage of us are—low be it spoken. Nevertheless, I fear this disquieting prophecy has something in it. Paradise plumes and turbans are undoubtedly of a period, and a forerunner specimen which has been sent me from a well-known man-milliner by the Seine, is undeniably bewitching with its soft terra-cotta velvet crown and dark green Paradise plumes drooping over the ermine-covered brim at both sides. consider such very coquettish headgear on nine out of the ten average faces that one passes in the street. Not less incongruous surely than the white muslin gowns of this past season on plump and sometimes painted forty-five, which would persist in wearing the gauzy fabric notwithstanding all pleas and protests of Nature caricatured to the contrary. It is certainly well said that the fashionable woman has often no sense of humour.

no sense of humour.

Meanwhile, for the overhauling and renovation of the wardrobe which takes place inevitably at this time of year, I can recommend half-a-dozen or more of the very smart and dainty muslim blouses which Vanité, of Grafton Street, has prepared for her customers. Open hem-stitching in all sorts of fanciful designs, squares, diamonds, and so forth, is successfully employed, with narrow laces and insertions, in these pretty and useful additions to the wardrobe. In going from one country-house to another it will often be found useful to freshen up one's outfit with a brace of smart bodices, and some of these at Vanité's struck me as heing exceptionally pretty and original. Black and white one's outfit with a brace of smart bodices, and some of these at Vamité's struck me as being exceptionally pretty and original. Black and white muslins, always entirely charming when made up with similar primary shades in narrow Valenciennes or other lace, and tricked out with well-placed knots of bright-hued ribbon, continue much in favour. I have just seen one destined to figure forth at Trouville, white muslin made on pink silk, bearing a small design of black spots and pink-tipped single daisies scattered over it in a shower, rows of tiny black lace edged small flounces reaching to the knees, sleeves similarly treated. A Charlotte Corday fichu, edged with narrow black velvet, and a wide, black chip picture-hat made a charming costume.

Tea-gowns, slways a vogue in country houses; are more than usually ornate this suttenne. Two which are being sent up to the amstress of a hospitable bones in North Briain deserve a description. One, or the palest amber brocade, having a large design of frue-toriest kindshiw-life, is helped to a touch of decided colour by the pole of dear-timpings veryel, bordered with a new trimming composed of circles of large init threpanse with jet paillettes skilfally introduced. From this yoke white according pleated chiffon fell to the feet in front and crinkled sleaves of white chiffon were tied with narrow shaps of black velvet. The second, halling from Paris, was a perfect reproduction of an old Louis Scize brocade, with mauve, pink, and blue flowers scattered in posies over a pink brocade having narrow black stripes about aver inches apart. A festooned flounce of Irish point, made at the Convent, Youghal, immediate end, and sleaves of the same exquisite limitiwork were gathered over rucked white tulle. It was the sort of gown one would expect some ancient stately dame, powdered and patched, of their formal gorgeous regime to figure forth in. Our alers and nervous constitution of to-day has indeed little in common with the backware constitution of to-day has indeed little in common with the backware constitution of to-day has indeed little in common with the backware constitution of to-day has indeed little in propoduced Louis Scize drawing groom always chills me into a behaviour of the utmost soluminty. With its striped panels and rigid chaises longues and brilliant chandleless of crystal and ormolu it really seems profunction to be more than demurely conversational.

Those who take an interest in the political economy of a certain distressful country will be glad to know that Limerick face, property so called, and not its cheap Nottingham imitator—timbon—is in fashion and likely to remain so. A great impetus was given this industry earlier in the season by large orders sent over in connection with the trousceau of Pr



A SMART GOWN FOR TARRE D'HOME.

necessary with this treatment, which also, by the way, makes our number four bottines look like size three, a decided argument in its favour to large-footed fair. Smart shoes of coloured moreogo or kill are now being worn to tone in with various coloured frocks. It is a fashion only lately come into vogue, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of mode makers who tried to popularise it last year. For instance, a smart young woman of my acquaintance has taken with her to Aix dark green, grey, blue, white, and red morocco shoes, all to be

worn with accompanying costumes and silk stockings to match. Perhaps no duet of apparently irreconcilable colour has ever remained in vogue so long as emerald-green and royal-blue. Last season and this one just past have seen it in full favour, which still continues at all the best watering-places at home and abroad. Violet and turquoise remained in for some time; but green and blue have, like Charley's Aunt, broken the record. I wonder what the inspired modiste has in hiding for our future affections; perhaps magenta and white; they go admirably together, as one sees them in a stray petunia which has escaped flowering in its ordinary mauve.

Apropos an absurd on dit, born of the silly season and Li Hung Chang's visit, no doubt, declares that the uncompromising Chinese Imperial yellow will be a vogue of autumn ides. With all respect to the Chinese Bismarck, I refuse to credit the canard. An old mot of "yellow to yellow makes yellow look white" has been disproved ages since, and it would take a generation of Hebes to successfully stand the

ordeal of sulphur-coloured garments.

Another journalistic sea-serpent is contained in the declaration that cycling is on the wane with that inner circle whom the world knows as "smart society," who used to be dubbed by an earlier and servile generation the "Upper Ten Thousand." Nothing more absurd could have been advanced. "What to do with our boys" or "How to marry our daughters" had really a better excuse for wasting ink and foolscap than the supposed "decline and fall of cycling" among smart men and women. Everything that tends to convenience, speed, and the saving of trouble generally obtains with us of this untrammelled century-end. Therefore, the bicycle. Far from giving it up, I confidently prophesy that we shall all be wheeling in knickerbockers next year, or certainly the one after, as more convenient than the demure dress-skirt which we have, so far, persisted in retaining. If men find it necessary to button in their—really I cannot write the word— If men find it about the ankles, how much more ought our skirts be contracted? But perhaps the world is really yet too young to pursue the argument. It will establish itself in time. Not that one wishes it, but women cannot put the clock back or their emancipation from old beliefs now. Meanwhile, to be practical, here are two charming illustrations of indoor dresses for table d'hôte, country house, or other smart occasion of this globe-trotting season. One dainty gown of dull cornflower-blue silk, with wrinkled sleeves of black over blue lisse, has a corsage made of embroidered ivory mousseline de soie, arranged in fichu fashion, which leaves it slightly open at the neck, and forms altogether a very alluring dress, applicable to a dozen different smart occasions. The other arrangement, an ideal frock for a brunette, is of Cardinal red-silk, with a yoke of red lisse and black lace gathered very fully, forming two points at back, also in front, where it is further embellished by a simulated box-pleat, treated in the same manner, aussi the sleeves. At the waist a pointed belt of fine cut jet finishes the ornamentation of a charming frock, the skirt of which is quite along. which is quite plain.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

CRYSTAL.—It is more amusing and more usual at Homburg to take apartments and dine at different hotels each evening. There are several good dressmakers at and dine at different hotels each evening. Frankfort, but better go fully equipped. SYBIL.

CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

Miss Marie Tempest confesses to being somewhat of a barbarian in her love of bright colours; that wonderful scarlet satin cloak of hers, with its burden of meditative storks, all glittering with jet and burnished steel, still holds a permanent place in her affectionate memory, though the fashionable up-to-dateness of "An Artist's Model" has given place to the quaint attire of "The Geisha." Her latest costume in this popular piece is fashioned out of a pair of curtains found after much searching, and exceedingly lovely in their wonderful shimmering yellow, all strewn with pale-pink and white apple-blossoms embroidered with infinite skill. This fascinating Geisha was determined to have yellow, and a real Japanese robe in the chosen colour was unobtainable, inasmuch as it is reserved for the High and Mighty Ones of the Japanese Court, but the way out of the difficulty has been most satisfactorily solved by the transformation of the curtains, and all this trouble makes me inclined to think that yellow is in truth Miss Tempest's favourite colour.

In her own lovely room the three windows are curtained with white muslin, patterned with faint-pink flowers, and there are portières and bed-draperies, some of faintest blue brocade, and others of pale rose-pink gleaming with golden yellow, while downily soft settees and the cosiest of arm-chairs invite you to their chintz-covered restfulness, where blue and pink flowers wander together over a shining white pathway. As a background to all the array of lovely things, the few choice pictures in their white frames and the glitter of the silver-strewn toilet-stand, the their white frames and the glitter of the silver-strewn toilet-stand, the walls are covered with delicate old-rose paper, satin-striped, and all the little personal touches, the favourite books, the flowers, and the photographs of personal friends (and only the likenesses of friends are admitted to this sanctum), combine to make up a perfect picture of luxurious comfort and artistic beauty. Here it is, too, that Miss Tempest's latest favourite, a wee Japanese spaniel, is generally to be found—a wee ball of black and white, with a long pedigree.

There is, too, a second and smaller room, occupied by a gigantic white wardrobe entirely devoted to the guardianship of Miss Tempest's dress-skirts: and still again, on the next floor, there is a room which is

dress-skirts; and still again, on the next floor, there is a room which is one large wardrobe, inasmuch as its walls are lined with cupboards, where things of beauty, and silk and satin keep shrouded state. Miss Tempest's gowns are always lovely, and invariably unique, and you will generally find that the softness of chiffon is utilised for the bodices, for she abhors anything hard or stiff. Her latest and loveliest evening-gown, which is already elevated to the position of first favourite, is an excellent example of her particular style, and so is doubly worthy of note. The skirt is of white satin, which now and again gives out a faint gleam of pink, caught maybe from the clusters of pink roses which outline the bordering frill of accordion-pleated chiffon-full-blown roses these which have showered their rosy petals down upon the airy love-liness of the chiffon, with an attendant rain of diamond dew-drops. The bodice is cut in such a fashion that the full beauty of Miss Tempest's perfect shoulders is displayed, and then, drawn lightly round the figure, come misty folds of chiffon touched faintly with pink, and gleaming here and there with points of light, while an overhanging berthe of white chiffon is held down by its lovely burden of rose-pctals and dew-drops. The sleeves are suggestions only—just a touch of pink chiffon held together by straps of roses. There is another notable evening-dress which illustrates the quaint beauty of the Louis Seize period, its white satin skirt gleaming with radiating lines of diamonds; while the bodice is arranged with touches of white chiffon, sprinkled with silver paillettes, and some lovely old lace, held in place by diamond buttons.

And then, for the sake of contrast, let me tell you of Miss Tempest's

cycling-costume—severely simple and eminently *chic*, its perfectly cut cloth skirt, in a soft, indefinable shade of green, buttoned on the hips,



MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

and just short enough to reveal the brown shoes and to give an occasional glimpse of the most fascinating black stockings embroidered with white violets. The shirt, of white-and-blue batiste in a quaint Paisley design, is finished with a trim white collar and black-and-white tie, and with sapphire and diamond wrist-studs, while a green straw hat completes a business-like and withal attractive costume.

But, above her gowns, above her drawing-room, in all its beauty of blue and old-rose, its wonderful mirror in its rare old Dresden china frame, its collection of silver curios, and its overshadowing palms, does Miss Tempest revel in the fresh loveliness of her beautiful garden and the inspiring grandeur of her great music-room. Here it is that the oak-panelled walls bear warlike trophies of spears and helmets, and that a great window has been built out on to the garden, its latticed panes made more beautiful still by the presence of a knightly figure in stained glass of glorious colouring. The crimson-covered window-seats are piled glass of glorious colouring. The crimson-covered window-seats are piled up with blue and white cushions, and near the great fireplace another window—such a tiny one this time!—looks out over the conservatories. Here Miss Tempest spends a very great part of her time, for by no chance does she ever omit the daily practice which she has made the rule of her life. And then she finds an endless delight in her garden, and in all the lovely surroundings of her new home—indeed, it is difficult to imagine that she has been settled in St. John's Wood for some three months only, so perfectly has she imparted to all the house the thousand-and-one signs and tokens of the perfect taste which finds another outcome in her gowns. FLCRENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 26.

The past week has not been uneventful upon the Stock Exchange. It began with a Bank Holiday, but the situation soon developed into one causing grave anxiety, as day by day the stampede in Yankees increased, until it might almost be called a panic. The talk of a fresh rate war, the big failure in Chicago, the selling orders that came pouring in from the other side, all had their effect, but down at the bottom of it all is the coinage question and the uncertainty about the future policy of the

It is true American Rails do not rule the markets as they once did, but the fall has been so persistent and so large that it is known one or two people will find a difficulty in getting over the 13th, and it is suspected that there are others in the same unhappy position. This fear of trouble at the settlement has made nearly all the other markets dull, and especially the African department, in which not a few of the Yankee

jobbers have commitments.

THE RAILWAY RESULTS.

The half-yearly dividends of the principal English Railway Companies have now been declared, and the following table will show at a glance the satisfactory nature of the distribution when compared with the corresponding period of 1895— June June

						ounc	ounc	
						1895.	1896.	Increase.
Great Eastern		***			***	34	$1\frac{1}{2}$	34
Great Northern				***	***	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	$\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western				***	***	31	43	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Lancashire and Yo			***	***	***	$3\frac{3}{4}$	5	11/4
London and North			***	***	***	51	$6\frac{1}{4}$	1
London and South				***	***	41/2	5	1/2
London, Brighton						33	43	1
London, Chatham				ref.		£2 16s.	$4\frac{1}{2}$	13
Manchester, Sheff	ield, a	nd Lin	colu		***	nil,	1	1
Metropolitan		•••	***	***	***	27/8	31	3
Metropolitan Dist	rict		***		***	3	31	1
Midland	***			***	***	4	5	1
North-Eastern	***	***	***		***	41	$5\frac{1}{2}$	1
North London	***	***	***	***		7	71	1/2
South-Eastern	***	A	***			$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	1

It will be seen from the above list that, without exception, there has been an advance all round, and in many cases the improvement has been of a very substantial character. Thus, we find the Great Western with a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, Lancashire and Yorkshire $1\frac{1}{4}$, while the Chatham has been able to give its Preference shareholders their full quota of 4½ per cent., against £2 16s. a year ago, being an increase of nearly $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The chairman of this company, at the meeting held last week, inspired the shareholders with confidence in the future of the company, by stating his opinion that, as long as commercial conditions maintain their normal course, there was an immediate hope for the holders of the Second Preference, and even ultimately for the Ordinary shareholders, although that hope may be somewhat of the "deferred" kind, which maketh the heart sick. We trust shareholders may derive comfort from these

words. They certainly need it.

The second half of the current year, for Home Railways in general, has commenced under the most favourable auspices. Besides the substantial increase of dividends to which we have referred, it is satisfactory to note from the accounts that the amounts carried forward have been larger all round, while in two or three instances the balances have reached exceptionally big figures. Thus we find that the London and Brighton has carried forward as much as £23,265, against £5854 a year ago, or an increase of £17,411; the North-Eastern £34,157, against £12,121, an increase of £22,036; the South-Eastern £8860, against £1851, an increase of £7009; while other increases of less degree have also occurred. The weekly returns coming to hand show that the improvement in receipts is being well maintained, there being only one company—the District—that has not been able to record an increase. In the absence of any special disturbing influence, the current half-year bids fair to eclipse the past one, and we may reasonably expect, after the holidays, to see a considerable amount of activity in the markets in view of such favourable prospects.

BEER DIVIDENDS.

A certain amount of excitement has been imparted into the miscellaneous market since our last issue by the dividend announcements of Allsopps and Guinness. The distribution of 6 per cent. in the case of the former company is at the same rate as a year ago; but instead of carrying only £5000 to reserve the board have decided to carry the magnificent sum of £80,000 to that fund, which will then stand at £110,000. The market had been fully anticipating a higher distribution, £110,000. The market had been fully anticipating a higher distribution, and as it turned out it had every justification for so doing by the excellent results of the year's business. The company, after its many vicissitudes, has once more established itself as a first-class concern, and the present price of the stock is a pretty good index of the high estimate in which it is held by the public. A brewery company that only yields something like 3½ per cent. on the present price of the stock must surely have some prospective advantages which do not appear on the surface. Doubtless, however, the public are looking more to the capacity of the business for development than to what it has actually done in the past; and we confess we think they have every justification for looking at it from confess we think they have every justification for looking at it from that point of view, provided they realise the speculative character of a stock which has achieved what must be almost a record in fluctuations.

The quotations of Guinness Ordinary are getting beyond a joke. Each £100 of stock is quoted at an enormous premium—a premium so enormous that dealings on the basis of £100 of stock are practically out of the question. The most grotesque results arise out of this phenomenal premium. It was announced last week by the directors that after placing £100,000 to reserve and £30,000 to the depreciation fund, they would recommend a dividend of 10 per cent, for the six months to June 30 last. At the corresponding date last year the dividend was the same, the amount written off for depreciation was the same, the amount carried forward was practically the same, and the appropriation to the reserve fund was only £75,000. Eminently satisfactory as the present results are, they appear to have disappointed the Dublin "bulls," and this brings us back to the question of the absurdity of adhering to the present method of quotation for £100 stock. The original issue was of £10 shares; but in March 1887, shortly after the flotation, these shares were converted into stock, which is now quoted at round about 600, or, say, 500 per cent. premium! On the declaration of the dividend, the quotation fell thirty-five points on the nominal quotation, but it would be ridiculous to look at the movement seriously in that light. In practice, dealings are effected on the basis of the original £10 shares; and on that basis even a trifling fall is multiplied so as to give it a quite fictitious appearance of being important.

We certainly think that the time has come for the directors of Arthur Guinness, Son, and Co., Limited, to do something to remove this absurdity. If they object to "splitting," in the senses currently attached to that word, why not officially revert to the £10 shares, or, better still, divide their Ordinary capital into shares of £1 each? do not throw out this suggestion on the ground that it would enhance the market value of the capital, though, as a matter of fact, it would probably do so, but because it is a glaring anachronism, with money at absolutely nominal rates, that clumsy stocks of this kind should continue to exist; and that merely because a good dividend was not quite up to the expectations of an optimistic market there should be recorded a fall

of £35 on £100 of stock.

Possibly the directors do not like to sacrifice the imposing appearance of the quotation; but we think that in one form or another they might, with advantage to the company, and without detriment to any interest other than a sentimental one, readjust the Ordinary capital into marketable units.

NEW TIVOLI.

It need not detract from our appreciation of the entertainments provided at the Tivoli if we say that the directors did not make a conspicuous success of the conduct of last week's meeting of After the usual speech of the chairman of the meeting, shareholders. there was brought forward a motion that a committee should be appointed to examine the books, &c., of the company, and "to confer with the directors and servants of the company, with authority to such committee to employ an independent accountant or other person to assist them in their investigation." There was in the motion a good deal more about how the report of the committee was to be submitted, and other like matters. But we need not enter into these details, as the motion was ruled out of order.

This decision, on the face of it, would seem preposterous; but, so far as we can gather, it is in accordance with the Articles of Association on which the solicitor to the company based his advice to the chairman. Regarding those Articles, many of the shareholders seem to feel aggrieved in other respects than the particular instance which has arisen at the meeting. A revision of them would appear to be advisable from every point of view. Mr. Newson-Smith, as reported, said that he had had a great deal to do with companies, and a great deal of experience in connection with the meetings, but he had never known a case where a committee was appointed for investigating the affairs of the company that did not do harm to that company. If Mr. Newson-Smith has not been misreported, if he really gave utterance to this very remarkable statement, it would not be difficult to supply him with a good many instances in which he would find it difficult to substantiate the abstract proposition that committees of investigation are harmful. Shareholders do not, as a rule, vote in favour of the appointment of such committees until the situation is very grave; and this fact may give colour to the contention, because in the majority of cases shareholders have allowed matters to drift until it is too late to carry out an effectual remedy. This is a successful company, but it is surely not an unreasonable request on the part of the shareholders that they should have fuller particulars than are vouchsafed to them of the way in which their net profit is arrived at, and of the amount which Mr. Newson-Smith and his associates are drawing in the way of emoluments from the concern.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

A liquidation order, pro formá, has been made by the Court in this case, and the matter will come up for final decision after a meeting of creditors to be held on Monday. The situation is a curious one. The Victorian Court has sanctioned the scheme for readjustment of the creditors' claims, and the bank is a Victorian one. But the bulk of the claims of depositors are in the United Kingdom, and the Court has ordered that a meeting of creditors shall be held in this country, and that meantime the bank shall be regarded as in liquidation. In view of the enormous majority of proxies in favour of the scheme there could be little doubt as to the result; but the formal meeting was necessary, sooner or later, to take the opinion of the British creditors.

WESTRALIA.

It looks very much as if our anticipation of a revival in this section about the middle of this month would turn out correct, and for those of our readers whose money is burning holes in their pockets, and who are willing to take some risk, the present may not prove a bad time to buy really sound West Australian shares. There is danger of serious trouble at the coming settlement, which may kill any revival; but before these lines are read the extent of that danger will be pretty clearly defined. So far the crushings which have come to hand have proved very satisfactory, and week by week fresh mines are getting their machinery into working order, while experts of the character and reputation of Mr. E. A. Morgans appear quite satisfied that the gold resources of the colony are of a kind which promise more than even the most sanguine of use here enticipated. us have anticipated.

The shares of the Cue 1 Mine have been very strong, and we hear from people behind the scenes that they are worth picking up and holding at anything like par or a trifle under, which is about the market figure at present. The total capital is only £100,000; there is no difficulty as to water, and the ore, according to our information, will yield a trifle over an ounce to the ton, while twenty head of stamps are in working order. Upon the whole, it appears that the mine is a promising speculation.

From the Exploring and Finance group we hear good accounts, and our readers who have such shares as Paddington Consols and Wealth of Nations should not part with them. Several correspondents ask us whether we have quite given up Burbank's Birthday Gift, of which we wrote so strongly when the concern was offered to the public. It is quite impossible to refer by name every week to any mine, but we may say we have the highest opinion of this company, and we know that persons with every chance of special information have been largely increasing their holdings within the last month. That we were justified in our persistent recommendation of the shares is proved not only by the present price, but by the crushing-returns showing that the last 1000 tons of stone have yielded over 4500 ounces of gold. The company's own battery is now running, and holders of shares may rest assured that, while they are not outside ordinary mining risks, they are partners in a moderately capitalised, honest, and well-managed concern, whose fortunes appear very bright, and are in the hands of the first gold-mining expert in Australia.

NEW ZEALAND.

The market in New Zealand shares has been very dull, and in most cases a reduction in value appears in the current quotations; but New Zealand Consols have again hardened to $2\frac{1}{8}$, and the position of the company appears first rate. Not only have arrangements been made to float off the Inkerman property, but we are disclosing no secret in saying that the services of Mr. William Straughan, one of the most experienced and capable mining experts in the Australasian colonies, have been secured to superintend operations in New Zealand. It is certain that, with Mr. Straughan at the head of affairs in the Colony, the company will not acquire or offer to the English public anything but sound mines.

THOMAS EDWARD BRINSMEAD AND SON, LIMITED.

When this concern was offered to the public at the end of last month we warned our readers to leave it alone, but from several quarters we hear that our warning came too late. It is understood that the company was promoted by one Harrison-Ainsworth and his associates, who run a—paper shall we say?—called the *Investor*. The story of the company is, as we write, being told in Mr. Justice North's Court, and without making any comments on the issues therein being fought out, we have little hesitation in saying, from information at our disposal, that we believe applicants for shares could successfully obtain rescission of their contracts. We strongly advise any reader who has been unfortunate enough to receive an allotment not to pay one farthing more, and to communicate with us, when we will put him into communication with a solicitor who is already acting for other people in a like sad case with himself.

The indecent haste with which applicants' money was snapped up will be seen from the following story. The prospectus stated that the lists would close on or before July 30. On July 28, by the evening post, a certain gentleman applied for shares, and on July 29, at about half-past twelve o'clock, having read our issue of that date, telegraphed to the company's bankers to withdraw his application. The same day he received a letter from the bank to say his telegram had been handed to the secretary of the company, but on the next morning—the very day the lists were to close—he got a letter of allotment. Comment on such an affair is almost needless. We strongly urge every applicant for shares to take immediate steps to cancel his contract.

NEW ISSUES.

The rush of new companies is for the moment at an end, but from the number of schemes which are incubating we should say it will soon be as big as ever. Great caution should be observed in subscribing to any new venture.

The following issues have come under our notice during the week-

The Britannia Hauraki Gold-Mining Company, Limited.-We should leave

talone.

The Electrical Development and Finance Corporation, Limited.—This is a case of giving the directors a blank cheque, but we think it will turn out well.

Hill End Consols, Limited.—A fair mining risk. At any other time there would have been a rush for the shares.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company (France), Limited.—We think this company may do well. It is clear that it must have a fine business for years to come.

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. S. W.-We think the price fair, and that the debentures are not a bad

S. S. W.—We think the price fair, and that the debentures are not a bad investment.

Mossack.—We have advised our readers to avoid Mr. Harry Lawson and all his works over and over again. The only way you can stop the deal you mention would be to circularise your fellow-shareholders and get others to join with you in an application to the Court to restrain the company from doing what you complain of. We are not sanguine as to the result upon the evidence you seem to have. Consult a good solicitor.

West Countrie.—We should not select Grand Trunk Debenture stock for our own money. Would not some of the following suit you?—(1) Simpson and McPhearson Brewery Debentures, (2) Tadcaster Towers Debentures, (3) City of Wellington Waterworks bonds, (4) Christchurch Drainage bonds. C. Arthur Pearson 5½ per cent. Preference shares at about £5 10s. seem to us as good as anything.

R. T. L. P.—We wrote you on July 31. If any other readers are allottees of T. E. Brinsmead and Son, Limited, we shall be glad to hear from them. See this week's "Notes."

Sussex.—Our remarks on the American Market from week to week should be considered; but as to your bonds, the big jobbers tell us they should be held.

Fusilier.—The concern is in good hands, and we should hold.

Susseriber.—We say nothing about £6 a-share this year, but the market "tip" is that the shares will go better.

Zero.—(1) We know nothing about it, and inquiry has failed to provide us with any information. (2) The so-called Bank is a money-lending affair, which deals in bills of sale and such-like things. We advise you strongly to avoid it as an investment. (3) These shares get 3 per cent. during construction, but after the line is open will have to depend on the earnings. We should not call them attractive.

Carbonera.—See this week's "Notes." We should hold, as the company's Carbonera.—See this week's "Notes." We should hold, as the company's

after the line is open will have to depend them attractive.

Carbonera.—See this week's "Notes." We should hold, as the company's own battery is just getting to work. We think well of Mainland Consols, but at present prices we would rather buy Burbanks or Cue 1.

Amy.—Pearson's 5½ per cent. Preference shares would suit you. Price

AMY.—Pearson's 5½ per cent. Preference shall about £5 10s.

E. M. H.—We wrote you fully in answer to your letter. The same people promoted the slate quarries as were concerned with Thomas Edward Brinsmead

J. W.—We wrote you fully on the 4th inst. and returned the prospectus.
S. N.—Thank you for your letter.
AJAX.—We do not expect Bryan will be elected; but, if he were to win, the price of all American Rails would go down no doubt.
INVESTOR.—We are not in love with the tea shares. The business is dependent on advertising, and in our opinion is over-capitalised. We should prefer Pearson's 5½ per cent. Preference shares by far.
J. I.—We suppose the debenture stock is fairly safe, but we would not recommend it as an investment.
G. S. R.—We cannot read your nom-de-guerre. Out of some eight thousand applications a few mistakes are bound to be made. The allotment was made on the fairest lines, we are told, and instructions were given that the Sketch applicants should all get one-fifth. No doubt, in sorting such a vast number, the stamp on your form was overlooked. We will try to do better for you next time.

the fairest lines, we are told, and instructions were given, that the Sketch applicants should all get one-fifth. No doubt, in sorting such a vast number, the stamp on your form was overlooked. We will try to do better for you next time.

Overtox.—See this week's "Notes." We advise you to take strong measures at once. Consult your own solicitor, or communicate with us again.

Ego.—An abridged prospectus appeared in the Financial Notes of July 22 last. Write to the secretary, Mr. J. L. Ashburne, 23, Coleman Street, E.C., or to the bankers, Miessrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co., Charing Cross, W.C.

Knowledge.—There is no time fixed for the delivery of share certificates, because this does not depend on the seller, but on the sweet will of the company, or rather its directors. Transfers, by the rules of the Stock Exchange, must be delivered to the buyer within ten days of the settlement for which the shares are bought. Of course, you are entitled to the dividends, and your broker will, if you remind him, claim them from the seller's broker. You are in possession of the shares as soon as the transfer, signed by you and the seller, is passed by the directors, and the certificate is merely evidence of this fact.

J. H.C. (Boston, U.S.A.).—We think it was wound up long ago. To make sure means a long search at Somerset House, and the payment of a fee there.

T. T.—(1) No. These shares were always a cheap gamble, and at present this sort of thing is not over fashionable. (2) With all the litigation and disputes between the two sections of the board, we fear there is not much chance of a recovery. As to dividend, we do not know what profits are being made in the present state of the Nitrate Market. (3) We don't think much of it. The ground is quite undeveloped, some experts say the Randiontein reefs will be found in it; but we really don't know. It is the sort of thing which only mining men who know the ground could give an opinion upon. It is also said that the Black Reef may be got in the south-eastern part of this prope